

Songs set by Signior PIETRO REGGIO



UT RElevet MISerum FATum, SOLitoſq₃ LABores.
Ævi; Sit dulcis MUſICA noster Amor.

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To the Kings most Excellent Ma^{ty}

GREAT SIR

It is not for any Presumption, or Vanity, That I dare present this small Work of mine to the Greatest Monarch in the World: But it is with the most profound Respect, & Submission imaginable, That I lay both the Author & the Book at Your Maiesty's Royall Feet, to shew the World my Acknowledgment for so many Favours Your Maiesty has been graciously pleased to bestow upon me, namely, Your Royall Approbation of my Composition on severall occasions, & a great many Markes of your Maiestie's Royall Bountie, & Magnificence towards me. I doe not pretend to present any thing Equivalent to them; For all that I could ever produce in Compariſon of your Maieſtye's Favours, would be but as a small Drop of Water to the Ocean: But being the best Return I could make, I thought fit to Shelter it under the most Glorious Protection of Your Maieſtie's Immortall Name; By which, I shall secure it from the Pernicious Stings of Malignant Tongues, and shew, with all, a small part of my Great Dutie. I dedicate my self, as well as the Book, to the Best of KINGS, being

Your Ma^{ties} most humble most
obliged & most deuoted Servant

Pietro Reggio.

The P R E F A C E.



Know it has been an old Complaint ever since *HESIOD*'s time, that Men of the same Profession cannot agree; so much doth Worldly Interest in Mankind outweigh Sense and good Nature: I must not therefore expect to be singular, nor have I ever found my self exempted from this common Fate; which makes me give my Reader the trouble of a *Preface*, not out of a Vanity, for a Foreigner to write *English*, but to foretell him how much I expect to be shot at, and how unconcern'd I stand at the whistling of the Arrows, or where they fall: I know the safest place will be the *Mark*, through the weakness and unskilfulness of the Archers. Innocence cannot protect a Man from these *Rovers*, who out of a natural desire to do mischief, shoot at all. I do not direct this Discourse against any *Sober, Well-bred Man*, nor against any Ingenious *Artist*, for then my Reason would be forfeited; but only against such whom *Ignorance* makes *Bold*; Such, who by finding Faults in others, presume to hide their own and hate any one that strives to adorn his *Profession*. For my part, I play upon the *Square*, and profess, that this *BOOK* contains a *Collection* of as good *SONGS* as I could ever yet produce, submitting my self and them with great willingness to every *Judicious MUSICIAN*: For, such are alwayes favourable. The *Skilful* may, and can *Correct*, but let every *Pretender* keep his own Station. *APELLES*, the Famous *Grecian Painter*, once hung out a *Picture*, (deservedly admir'd,) that any one that could, might find fault with it; Amongst the crowd of Spectators, a *Cobler* is reported to have blamed one of the *Slippers*: This, *APELLES* very well digested, because it lay within the *Cobler's Sphere*; But afterwards, when he went beyond his *Last*, and found fault with the *Leg*, it put him into a *Passion*. This is not to run *Parallel* with me in any thing, but the Concern *APELLES* felt, at *False and Impertinent Objections*. I confess it to be no small Credit for me, to have *Detractors*, and a great Advancement to be decry'd, as I hope I only shall, by some, who are known to be as ignorant as clamorous. Since my Friends know, how kind a Reception many *Worthy Patrons* have given to my *Compositions*, and particularly, *Persons* very Considerable in that Famous and Flourishing University of *OXFORD*; to whom, for many past Civilities, I am always bound in Gratitude to pay a particular Respect. Likewise, I must not here forget the Friendship I have found from some, that were most Eminent in my own *Profession*; especially Mr. *JOHN JENKINS*, whose Memory I reverence, as of one of the best *Masters* of *MUSIC* in his time, and no less a *Gentleman*, who sometimes has communicated his *Compositions* to me, and Honour'd me so far, as to ask and take my Opinion; Yet, often I have heard this *Great and Modest Man* censur'd by some, who never could think to be talk'd of, if it had not been from their *Arrogance*, in presuming to tax so Great a *Master*.

Now, to my own Point, I have here told you, what I expect from Some; and I hope, Others will be favourable in the Entertainment of this *BOOK*, which I have endeavour'd to render the more easie (to those that have not made so great an advancement in *MUSIC*, as I or they may wish,) by *Marking the Thorough-Basse* of all my *Songs*, with their respective *Concords*, and the *Trilloes* over their proper *Notes* in the *Trebles*. And, if any Gentleman, upon Perusal, shall doubt, or find any thing Difficult, or Perplexing; Let him give himself the trouble to call on me at my Lodging in a morning, and I shall endeavour to give him all Satisfaction within my Power, and esteem it as a great Obligation laid upon

PIETRO REGGIO.

POSTSCRIPT.

IF it be wondred, why in particular, the Author of this *BOOK* hath prefix'd his Name to his first Italian *SONG*; It is not to tell You, That there are no better in the *BOOK*; But to signify, that the Author publickly Asserts it for his own Composition, though some Malitiously, have Reported it otherwise.

TO

To my Much Respected Master, and Worthy Friend,
Signior PIETRO REGGIO,
 On the Publishing his Book of SONGS.

IF I could write with a Poetick fire
 Equal to thine in MUSICK, I'd admire,
 And Praise Thee fully : Now my Verse will be
 Short of thy Merit, as I short of Thee.
 But I by this advantage shall receive,
 Though to my Numbers I no Life can give,
 Yet they by thy more lasting Skill shall live.
 Thou canst alone preserve my perishing Fame,
 By joyning Mine with Thy Immortal Name.
 Heroes and Conquerours by Poets live;
 Poets, from Men like Thee, must Life receive :
 Like Thee ! where such a Genius shall we find,
 So Quick, so Strong, so Subtile, so Refin'd,
 'Mongst all the Bold Attempters of thy Kind ?
 Till I such MUSICK hear, such Art can see,
 I ne'r shall think that thou canst equal'd be.
 My only doubt is now, which does excell,
 Or thy Composing, or Performing well;
 And, Thou'rt in both, so exquisitely Rare,
 We Thee alone can with thy self compare.
 Thou dost alike, excell in every Strain,
 And never failst to hit the Poet's Vein.
 The Author's sense by Thee is ne'r perplex'd,
 Thy MUSICK is a Comment on his Text.
 Thou Nobly dost not only give what's due
 To ev'ry Verse, but dost Improve it too.
 Poetick Gems are rough within the Mine,
 But Polisht by thy Art, with Lustre shine;
 Even COWLEY's Spirit is advanc'd by thine.
 Good English Artists, (to their Judgements true,)
 Admire thy Works, and will respect thee too;
 Thy Worth, and Skill, great Jenkins lov'd, and knew;
 The Worthiest Master of my Youthful days,
 Whom Thou so justly honour'st with thy Praise.

But the Pretenders of this Quacking Age,
 Who, (with their Ditties,) plague the Town and Stage;
 If their dull Notes will but the Numbers fit,
 Ne'r mind the Poet's Spirit, or his Wit;
 But think All's done, if it be true by Rule,
 Though one may write true Grammar like a Fool :
 Still in their Beaten Road, they troll along,
 And make alike the sad and cheerful Song:
 The Past'ral, and the War-like are the same;
 The Dirge, and Triumph, differ but in Name.
 Such their Performance is : Nay, not so good;
 A Funeral Song they Chaunt with cheerful Mood,
 And Sigh and Languish in a Drunken Ode.
 In Martial ones they're soft, in Am'rous, rough;
 And never think they Shake and Grace enough.

Each Shake and Grace so harshly too, th'express,
 A Horse's Neighing does not please me lest.
 We cannot call this Singing, but a Noise;
 Not Gracing, but a Jogging of the Voice :
 And this is in such narrow Compass too,
 That in one Song we hear all they can do:
 These, who behind thy back dare rail at thee,
 Would, (if they knew Themselves) thy Scholars be.
 But they against thy Harmony are Arm'd,
 They're duller Beasts than any Orpheus charm'd.

In thy Invention, and thy Singing too,
 Thy Fancy's ever Various, ever New.
 Thou to each Temper canst the Heart engage,
 To Grief canst soften, and inflame to Rage.
 With Horrour fright, with Love canst make us burn,
 Make us Rejoyce one Moment, and next Mourn,
 And canst the Mind to every Passion turn.
 And to each Grace and Cadence, thy great Art,
 Such soft Harmonious Sweetness does impart,
 With gentle Violence thou dost storm a Heart.
 How oft dost thou my Anxious Cares destroy,
 And make me want, or wish no other Joy !
 For when thy Ayres, perform'd by Thee, I hear,
 No Wealth I envy, and no Power, I fear;
 Nor Misery, nor Death I apprehend,
 For Fame nor Liberty can I contend,
 When I am Charm'd by Thee, my Excellent Friend:

And thou art so; and every Qualitie
 Which in a Friend's requir'd, does shine in Thee.
 Thou hast read much, and canst Philosophise,
 Quick in thy Reason, Fancy-full, yet Wise,
 Honest and Kind art, Gentle, and yet Brave,
 Modest, not Bashful; Humble, yet no Slave :
 In your own Language I are a Poet too,
 So good, I wish that Ours as well You knew,
 Though I should blush at what You then would do:
 Yet th'English Tongue so well thou canst command,
 Great COWLEY's Virtues thou dost understand.
 Thou on each Excellence of His canst hit,
 On every Master-stroke of his Unbounded Wit.

And which yet makes me Love, and Praise thee more,
 Thou above All, dost his Illustrious Name adore.
 But to thy Praise I now must put an end,
 'Tis using of Self-Int'rest with my Friend,
 For who e'r Praises Thee, does then Himself commend.

THOMAS SHADWELL

ECLOGA.

In Ornatissimum Virum,

DOMINUM PETRUM REGGIUM,

MUSICUM in omni genere Peritissimum.

MÆnialios jam *Phæbe* mihi concede favores,
Quos sibi collatos persensit *Tityrus* olim,
Dum pecudes inter, patulæ sub tegmine Fagi,
Cantat Amicorum laudes, vel *Phyllidos* ignes.
Pauca tuo *PETRO*, sed quæ sciat ultima tellus,
Carmina sunt pangenda, neget quis debita *Petro*?
Aut quæ gens tantam tam barbara nesciat artem?
Tu *PETRO*, *Deus Alme*, *Lyram*, *Vocemq;* dedisti,
Ut daret *Orpheos* ictus, *Chordamq;* feriret
Thebanam, quæ mira suas erexerat arces.
Donastiq; illi *Vates* celebrare, tuæq;
Aspirare *Arti*, per quam vel cætera vivunt.
Per *Vatem* vivunt *Reges*, *Regumq;* triumphi,
Contigit at *Vati*, *Fatum* immortale per illum.
Talibus aucta notis, captæ dominatur in aure
Musa canens *Animæ*, magicoq; superbit in ore.
Nunc *Samij* præcepta *Senis* credenda fuissent,
Et facile admittam, quod demigraret in illum
Amphion *Diræus*, & *Orpheus* viveret alter.
Cedite vos *Veteres*, famamq; orname recentem,
MUSICA vestrorum quoties geminetur in uno.
O *Coulæe*, ingens doctorum gloria *Vatum*!
Montibus ut *Quercus*, nitidoq; ut *Populus* amni,
Sic decus Ipse *Tuis*, postquam tu scanderis astra,
Gloria *Pastorum* passim evanescit in agris.
Ah nimium dilecte *Deo*! tibi risit amica
Nascenti, & tenerum formavit *Musa* cerebrum.
Ingenij quantas proferis in Carmine vires!

Musica sed deerat, quam conciliavit *Apollo*
Auxilio *PETRI*, sic *Phæbo* gratus utriq;
Eterno dignus per sæcula vivis honore,
Dum *Parthus* *Tigrim* bibet, aut *Germania* *Rhenum*;
Qualiter, ah! *corylos* inter, scenamq; virentem,
Mirantem dulci devinxit pectine cœtum,
Coulæum illustrans habili modulamine versum!
Non cecinit *surdus*, nam reddunt omnia *Sylvæ*;
Consonat omne nemus, multum plausere canenti
Auritis *lauri* foliis, aptisq; *myricæ*
Indulsere tonis, lætæ saltare per herbas
Naiades incipiunt, non illas culmina *Pindi*;
Non juga *Pernassi*, non sacri murmura *Fontis*
Illecebris tenuere suis. *Venus* ipsa, *Puerq;*
Alatus *venere* simul, dixitq; *Cupido*
Subridens, posthac certissima vulnera figam;
Accendamq; meos radijs melioribus ignes,
Dum tu *PETRE* meam vis insignire *Poesin*;
At si forte aliquis placidas non applicat aures
Ad *Citharam*, cantusq; tuos, indignus habetur
Forma hominis, sensusq; suo, nam mollior illo
Dicetur *Quercus*, saxumq; humanius illo.
Et quo stultitiam possem punire, negabo
Insensus *Citharam* curis, & *Phyllida* venis!

LUDOVICUS MAIDWELL

SONETTO.

Al Signor Tomaso Shadwel, Poeta Dignissimo, per li suoi bellissimi Versi scritti in lode del'Autore.

Cigno Immortal, che col' tuo nobil' canto,
Radolciresti, al più crudo Aspe il core:
Ben tù di Preggio auanzi il Gran Cantore;
Che placò l'Ira del' Eterno pianto:

Egli cò i dolci accenti, impetrò tanto,
Che ritrasse il suo Ben dal' cieco horrore.
Tù con là Cetra, à lè *CASTALIE* suore
L'alme rapisci: onde, è maggiore il vanto.

Sono lè rime tue Rivi correnti,
Che di Eloquenza in sen' chiudon tesori
Ricchi vie più dè gl' Indian Torrenti.

Sù i bei Colli di *PINDO* à coglier Fiori
M' inuita l'Harmonie dè tuoi concenti:
Mentre *APOLLO* t'intreccia il' crin di Allori.

PIETRO REGGIO.

To the Excellent Master of Musick, Signior *PIETRO REGGIO*, on his Book of SONGS.

To, to advance thy Fame, full well I know
How very little my dull Pen can do;
Yet, with all deference, I gladly wait,
Enthron'd amongst th' attendants on thy State:
Thus when Arion, by his Friends betray'd,
Upon his understanding-Dolphin play'd,
The scaly People their Resentments shew'd,
By pleas'd Leuatores on the wond'ring Floud.
Great Artist! Thou deserv'st our loudest Praise
From th' Garland, to the meanest branch of Bayes;
For Poets can but Say, Thou mak'st them Sing,
And th' Embrio-words dost to Perfection bring:
Py Us the Muse conceives, but when that's done,
Thy Midwifery makes fit to see the Sun;
Our naked Lines, dress'd, and adorn'd by Thee,
Assume a Beauty, Pomp, and Braverie;
So awful, and Majestick they appear,
They need not blush to reach a Princes ear.

Princes, tho' to poor Poets seldom kind,
Their Numbers turn'd to Air, with pleasure mind.
Studied and labour'd tho' Our Poems be,
Alas! they die unheeded without Thee,
Whose Art can make our breathless Labours live,
Spirit, and everlasting Vigour give.

Whether we write of Heroes, and of Kings,
In mighty Numbers, mighty things,
Or in an humble Ode express our sense
Of th' happy state of Ease and Innocence,
A Country life, where the contented Swain,
Huggs his dear Peace, and does a Crown disdain;
Thy dextrous Notes with all our Thoughts comply,
Can creep on Earth, can up to Heaven fly;
In Heights, and Cadences, so sweet, so strong,
They suit a Shepherd's Reed, an Angel's Tongue.

But who can comprehend
The Raptures of thy Voice, and Miracles of thy Hand!
THOMAS FLATMAN.

SONETO ESPAÑOL, De Don FELIPE AYRES.

En alabanza de su Ingenioso Amigo Don *PEDRO REGGIO*, uno de los mayores *Musicos* desu tiempo.

Si el Thebano Sabio, en dulce Canto
De su Tierra los Hechos escrivia,
Y en elegantes Versos los dezia
Que viven y con embidia con espanto;

Tu *REGGIO*, ya con soberano encanto
Del Pindaro Ingles, con Armonia,
Asi exprimes, la dulce melodia
Que la admiracion suspende el llanto.

No es mucho pues, que venças lomas fuerte,
(Si ya tu voz merece eterna PALMA)
Y tu Instrumento al mismo APOLO assombre,

Pues Logras dos Vitorias en tu suerte,
Una de la Armonia para L'Alma
Otra del Instrumento para el Nombre. *Fel: Ayres.*

PIETRO REGGIO,

Anagramma:

I, POTIOR GREGE.

Goe SIGNIOR, and take Place; Take't as Your due;
The Company does wholly yield it You.

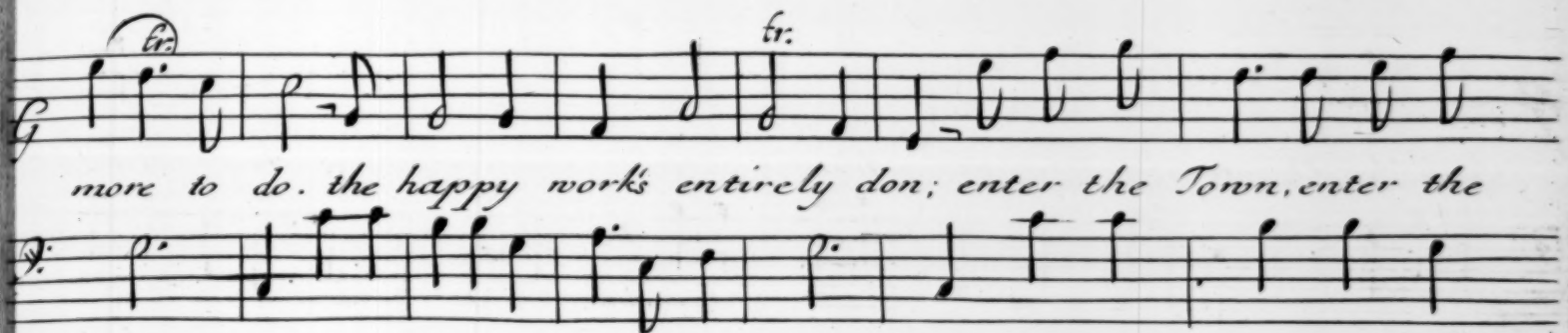
Tho: Brandon?

Honour.
A Song upon a Ground.

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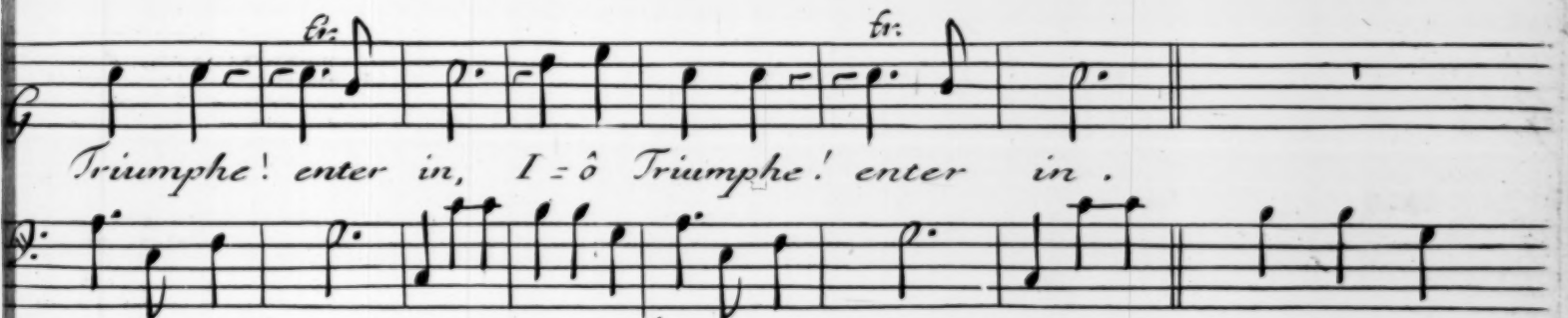
She loves, and she confesses too; there's then at last, no



more to do. the happy works entirely don; enter the Town, enter the

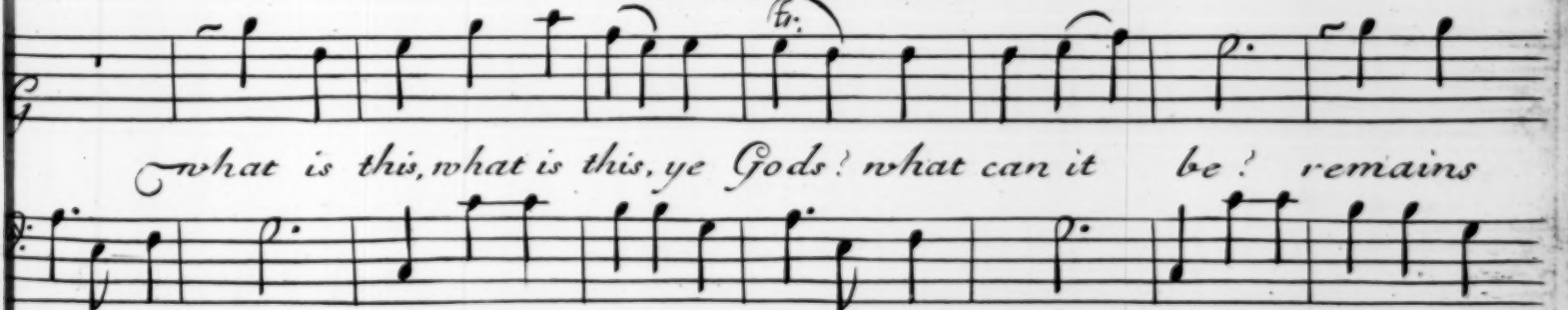


Town which thou hast won, the fruits of Conquest now be -- gin; I - ô

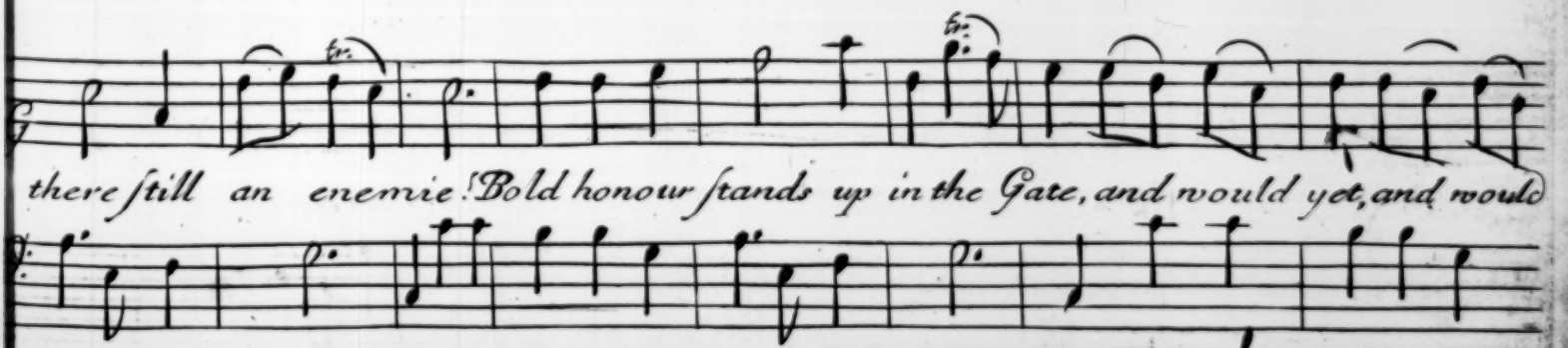


Triumphe! enter in, I - ô Triumphe! enter in.

The Second Part.



What is this, what is this, ye Gods? what can it be? remains



there still an enemy! Bold honour stands up in the Gate, and would yet, and would

yet ca = = pitulate; have I o're come all real foes, and

shall this Phantome me oppose! have I o're come all real foes, and

shall this Phantome me oppose? Play the Ground. Noisy

nothing! stalking shade! by what witchcraft wert thou made? Empty

cause of solid harms; but I shall find out counter charms thy airy

Devilship to remove from this circle, from this circle, here of

love, from this cirde here of love, from this circle here of love:

The forth Part.

Sure I shall rid my self my self of thee by the nights obscu = ri =

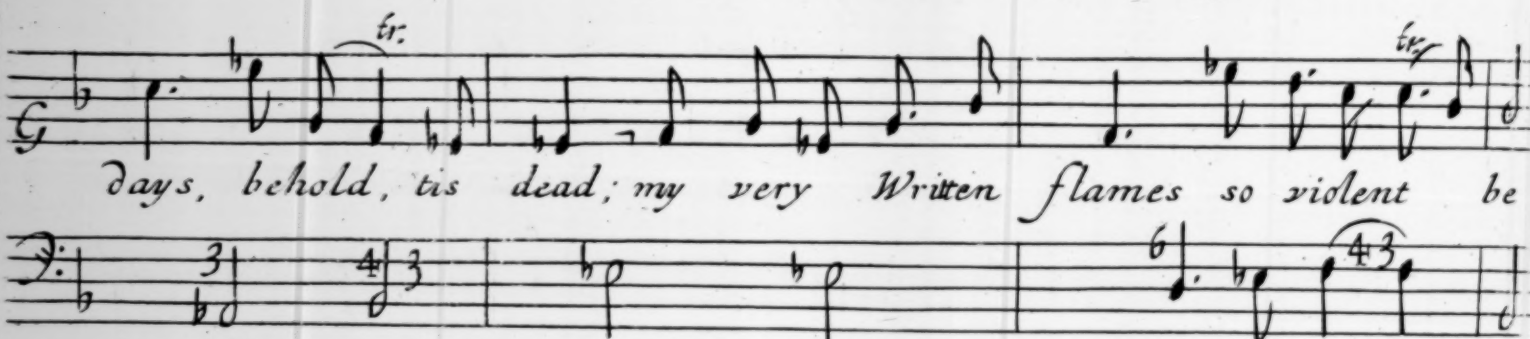
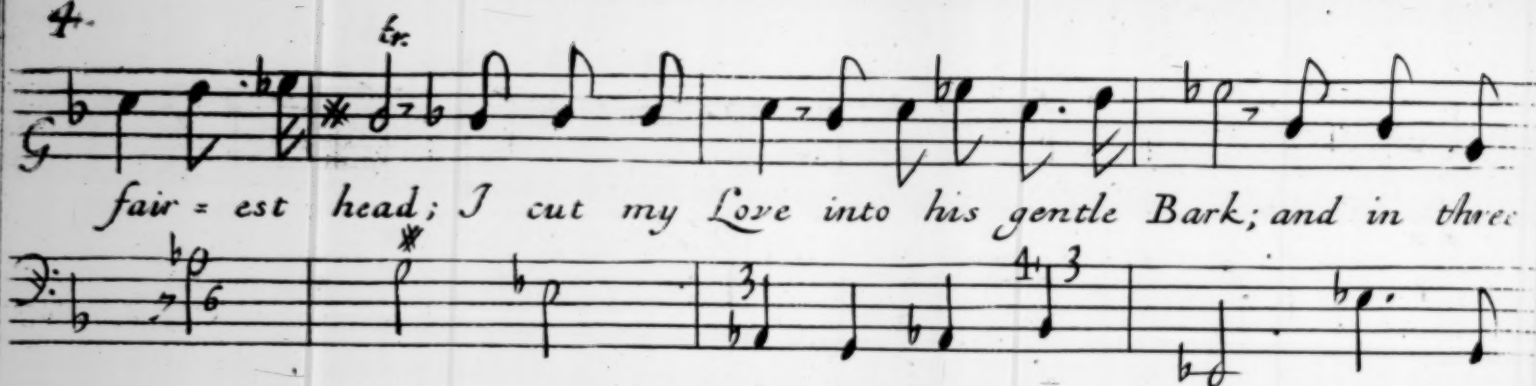
:ty, and obscurer secrecie. Unlike to every other~

spright, thou attempt'st not men taffright, nor appear'st nor appear'st but

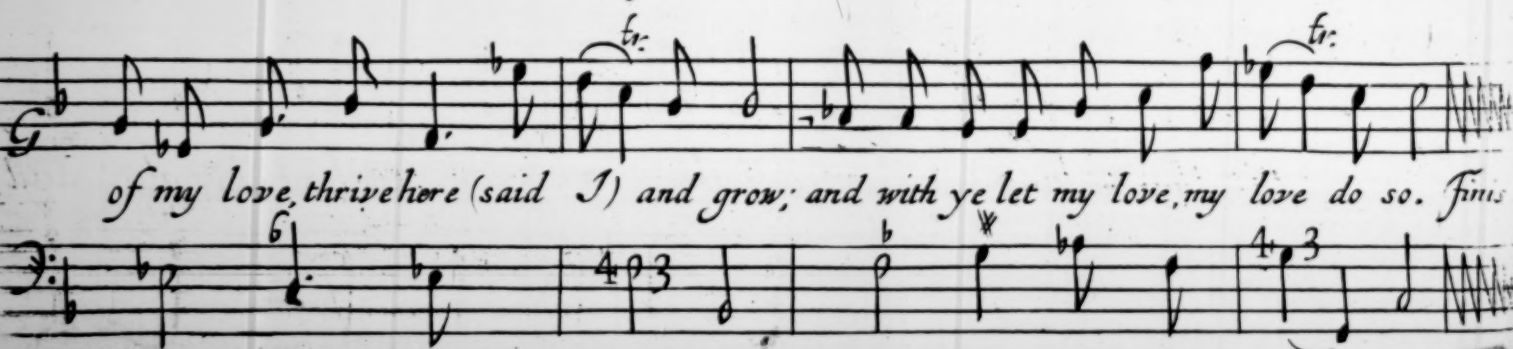
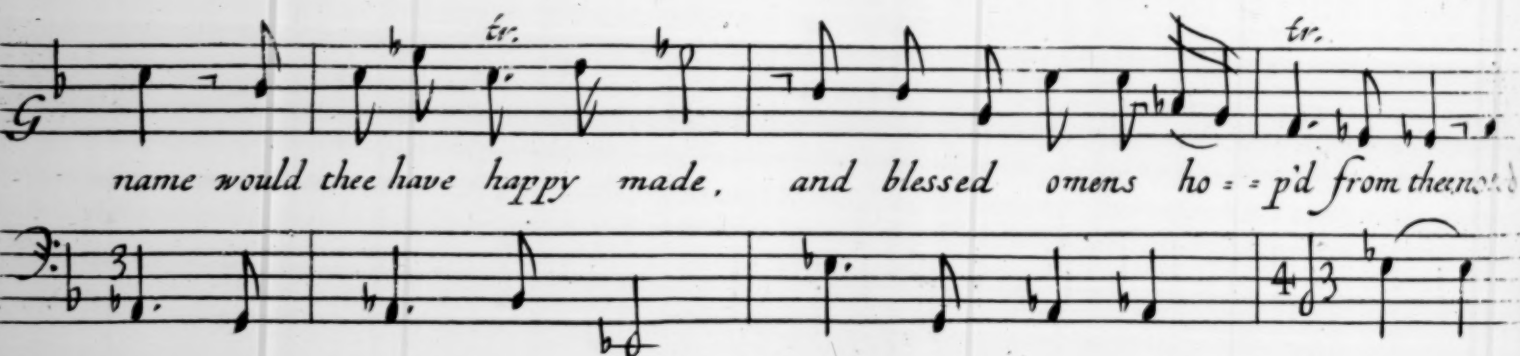
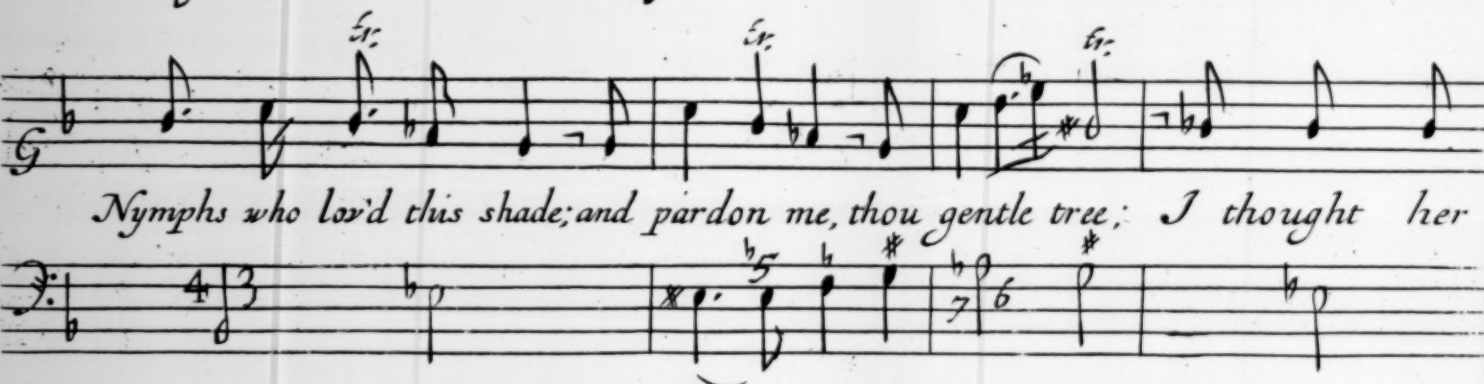
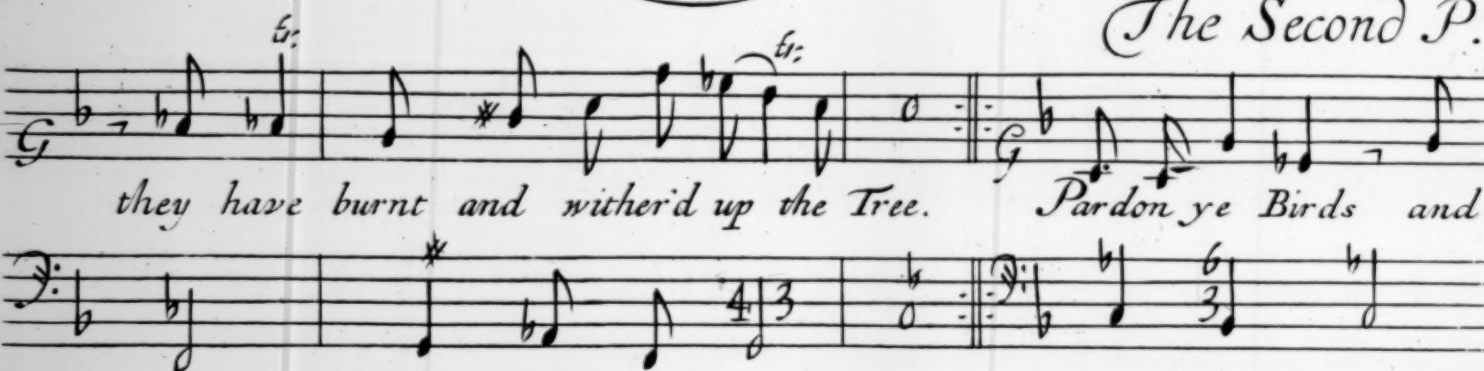
in the light, nor appear'st but in the light. Finis.

The Tree.

I chose the flouris hingst tree of all the Park, with freshest boughs, and

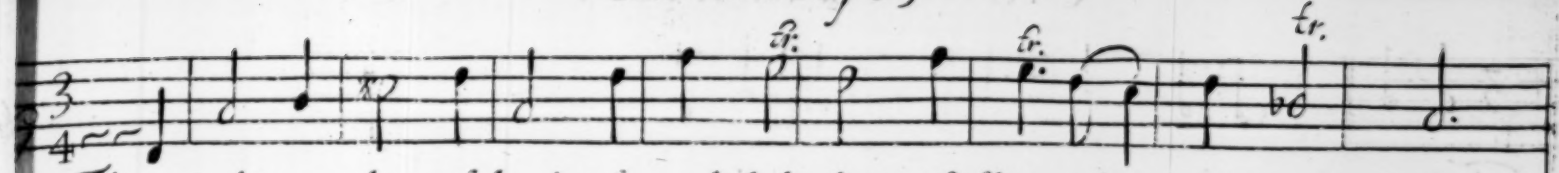


The Second P.^t

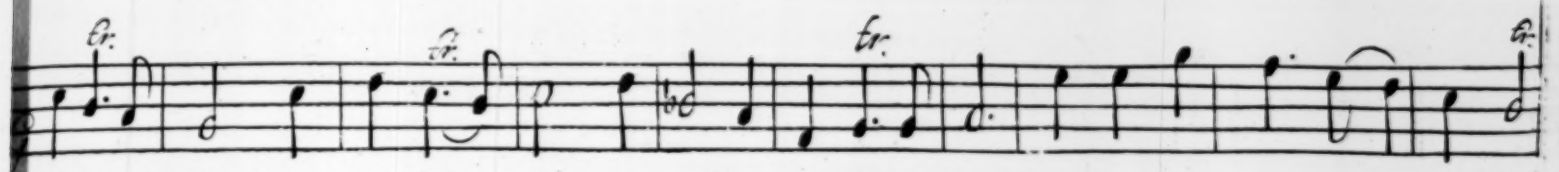
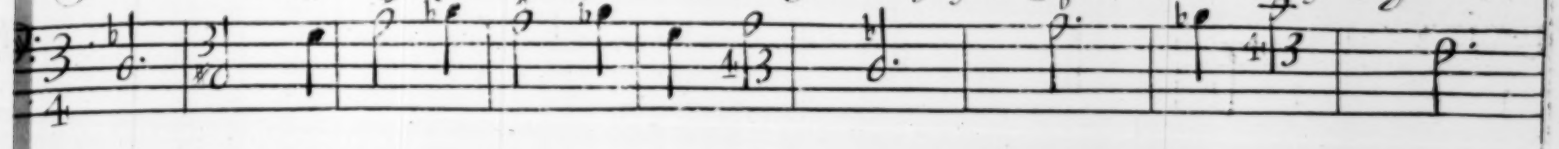


The Thief

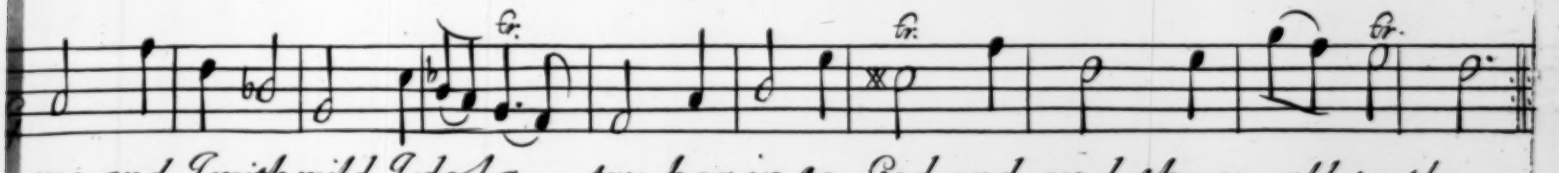
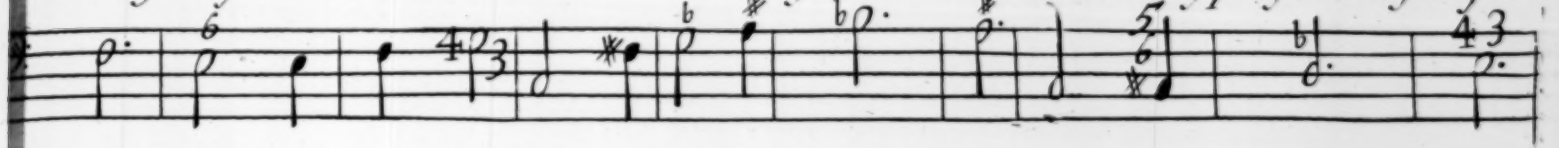
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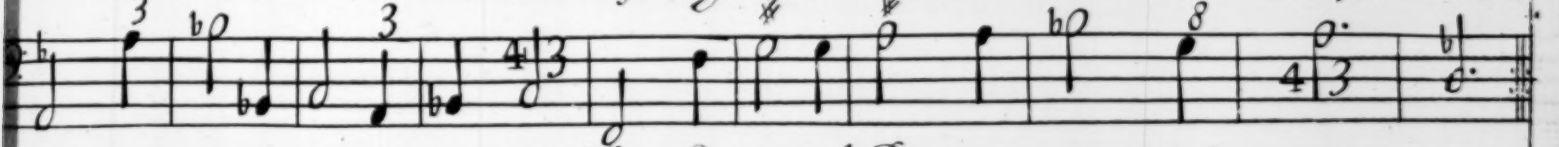
Thou rob'st my days of buiness and delights, of sleep thou rob'st my nights;



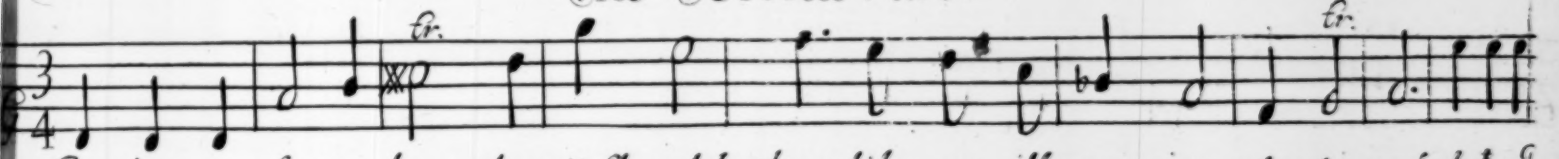
ah, lovely thief, what wilt thou do, what, rob me of Heaven too, thou e'en my prayers dost steal from



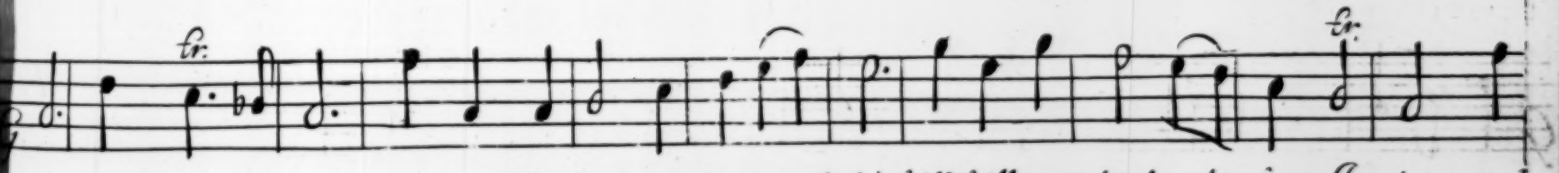
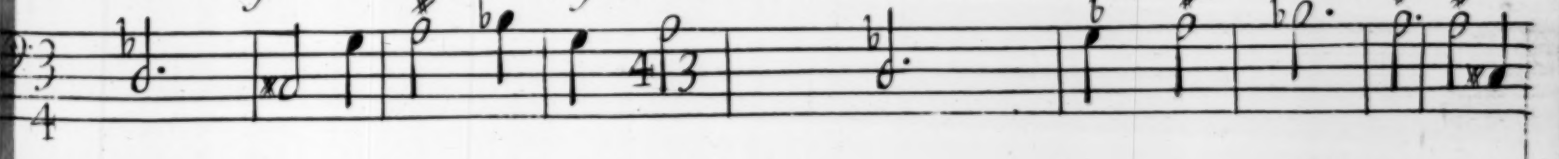
me, and I with mild I do la - - try, begin to God, and end them all, to thee



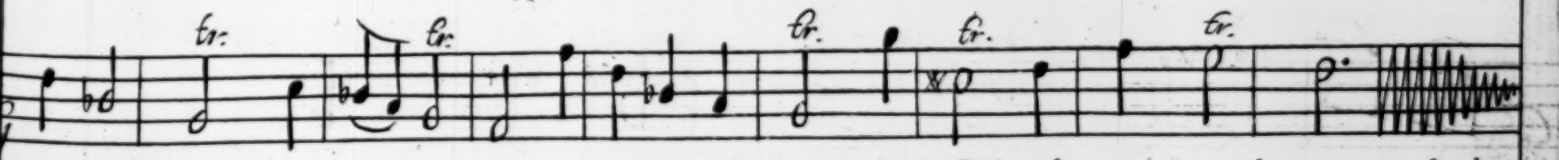
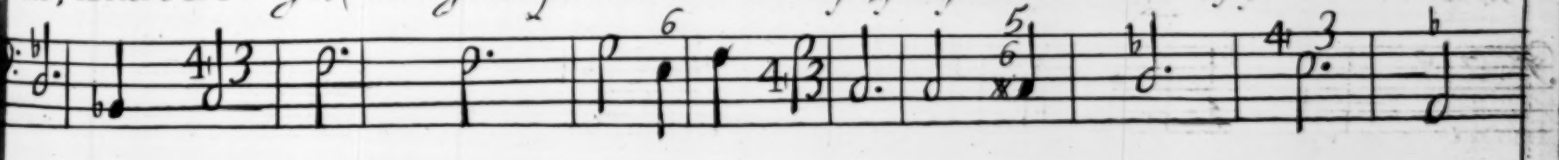
The Second Part.



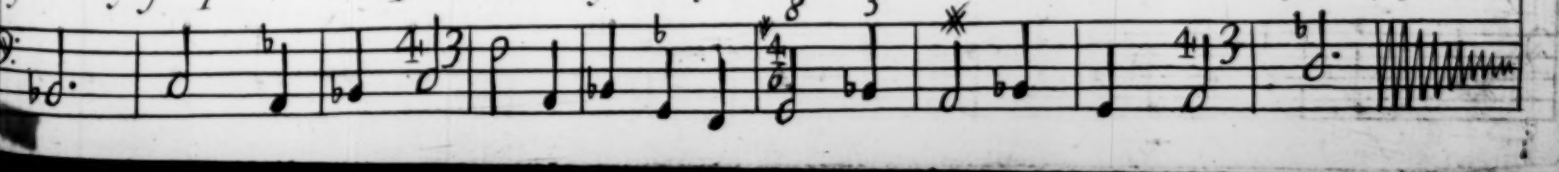
Is it a sin to love, that it should thus, like an ill conscience torture us, where?



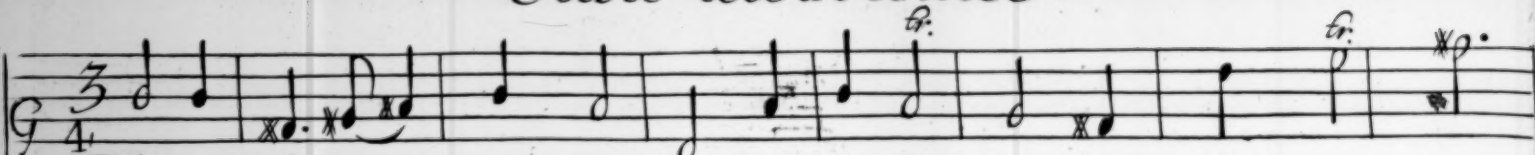
do, where ere I go, (none guiltless ere was haunted so) still, till me thinks thy face I view, and



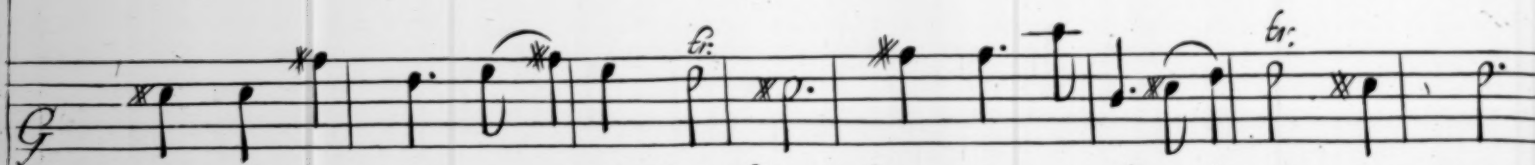
still thy shape does me pursue, as if, not you me, but I had murder'd you. finis.



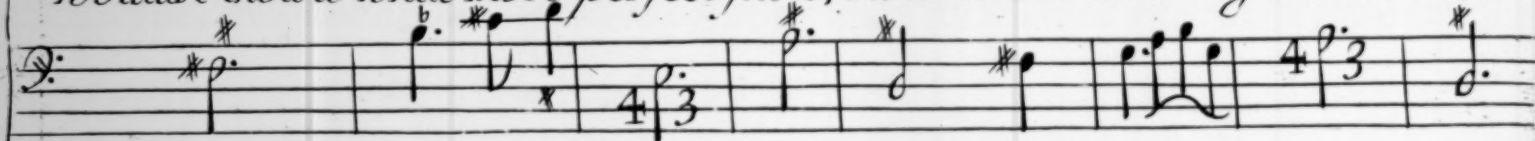
Clad all in white.



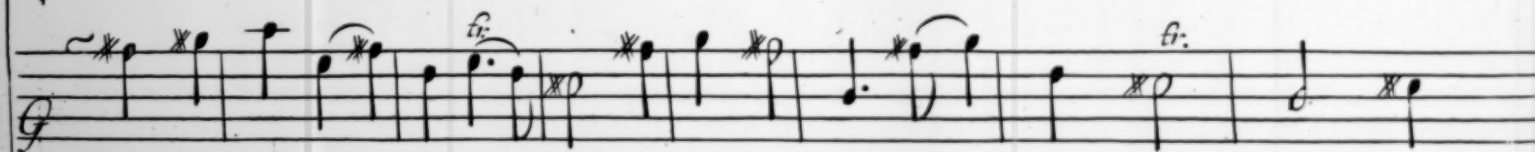
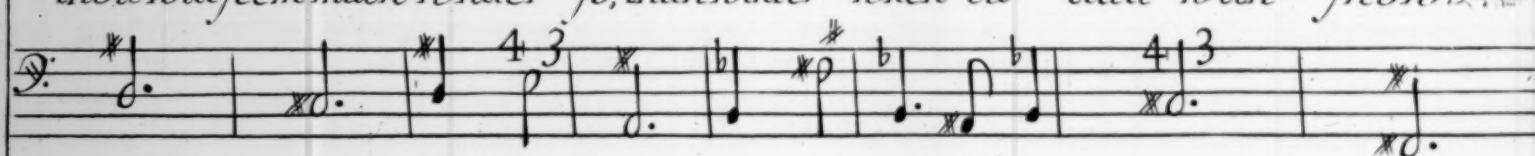
Fairest thing that shines below, why in this robe dost thou appear:



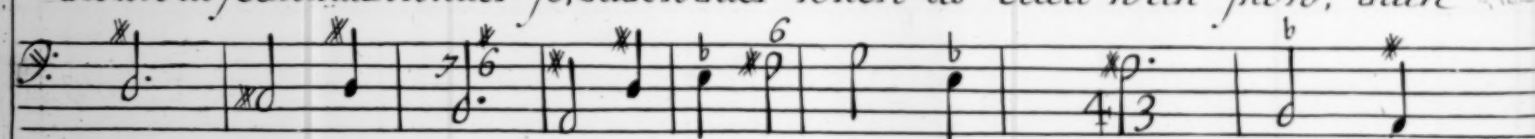
wouldst thou a white most perfect show, thou must at all no garment wear:



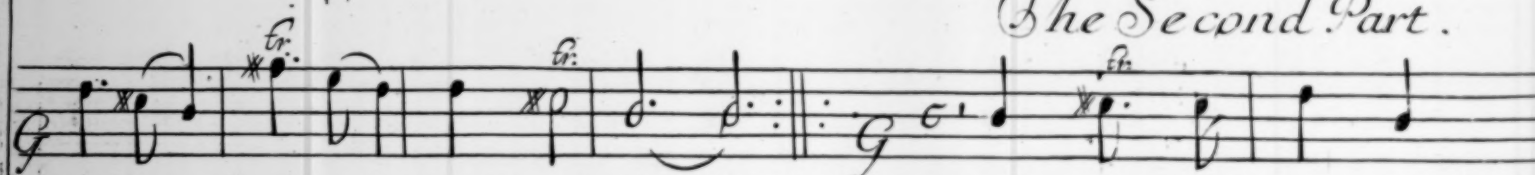
thou wilt seem much whiter so, than winter when 'tis clad with snow.



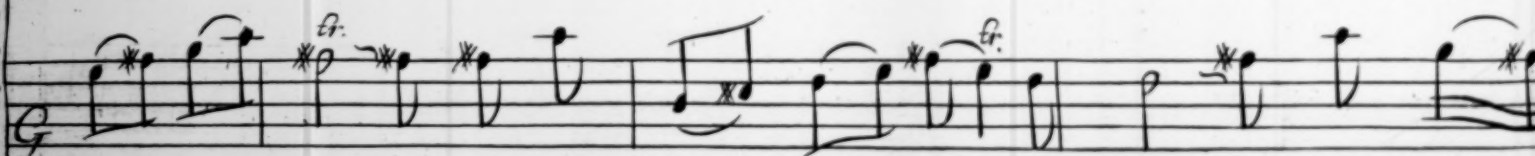
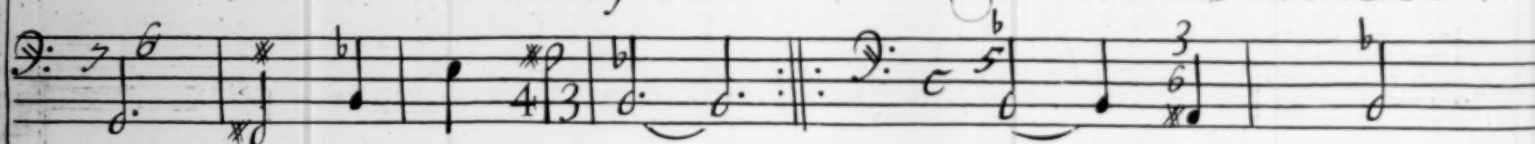
thou wilt seem much whiter so, than winter when tis clad with snow, than



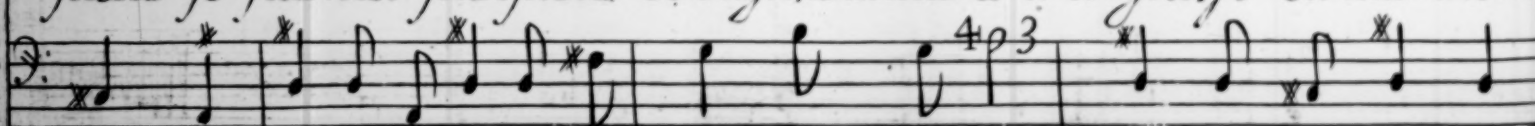
The Second Part.



winter when tis clad with snow.



shows so fair: her skin shines through, and makes it bright; so clouds them-



selves like suns appear, when the sun pierces them with light: so

lillies in a glass enclose, the glass will seem as white as those,

The third Part.

the glass will seem as white as those. Thou now one heap of beauty

art; nought outwards, or within is foul: condensed beams make e-very part, thy body's

clothed like thy soul, thy soul, w^{ch} does it self display, like a star plac'd in the milkie

may, thy soul, w^{ch} does it self display, like a star plac'd in the milkie way, like a star plac'd in y^e milkie wa'

The Distance.

First system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody features several trills (tr.) and a double bar line with repeat signs. The bass line is in 3/4 time, with a 4/3 time signature change indicated. The lyrics are: "I have followed thee a year at least, and never".

Second system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with trills (tr.). The bass line includes a 4/3 time signature change. The lyrics are: "Stopt my self to rest. but yet can thee ore-take no more, than this day can the".

Third system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with trills (tr.). The bass line includes a 4/3 time signature change. The lyrics are: "day that went before. but yet can thee ore-take no more, than this".

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with trills (tr.). The bass line includes a 4/3 time signature change. The lyrics are: "day can the day that went before. In this our fortunes equal prove to".

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with trills (tr.). The bass line includes a 4/3 time signature change. The lyrics are: "Stars, which govern them above; Our stars, that move for ever round, with the".

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble clef, 3/4 time signature. The melody continues with trills (tr.). The bass line includes a 4/3 time signature change. The lyrics are: "Same Distance still betwixt them found. our stars that move for ever round, with the".

same distance still be...twixt them founds. *finis.*

To Corinna.

See what a Conquest Love has made; beneath the myrtle's am'rous

shade the charming, fair Corinna Lyes, all melting in desire,

quenching in teares those flaming eyes that set the world on fire.

The Second Part.

What cannot teares and beauty doe; the youth by chance stood by and knew

for whom those chrystall streames did flow, and tho' he ne'r before to her

The third Part.

eyes brightest rays did bow, weeps too, and does adore. So when the

Heav'ns, serene and cleare, gilded with gamdy light appeare, each cragg

Rock, and ev'ry stone their native rig-our keep, but when in raine the

Clouds fall down, the hardest marbles weep. Finis.

The Given love.

I'll on; for what should kinder me from loving, and enjoying

thee; thou canst not those exceptions make, which vulgar sordid mortals

take, that my Fate's too mean and low; 'twere pity I should love thee

The Second Part.
 so, if that dull cause could hinder me in loving, and enjoy-ing thee. It does not

me a whit displease, that the rich all honours seize; that you all titles make your own, are

valiant, learned, wise alone. but if you claim o' women too the power which over men ye do,

The third Part.
 if you alone must lovers be, for that, sirs, you must pardon me. Rather then lose what

does so near concern my life, and being here, I'll some such crooked ways invent, as you, or

your fore fathers went I'll flatter or oppose the King, turn Puritan, or any thing

I'll force my mind to arts so new: grow rich, and love as well as you

The fourth Part

If thou, my Dear, thy self shouldst prize, alas, what value would suffice

the Spaniard could not dot, though he should to both Indies joynture thee, thy beauty

therefore wrong will take, if thou shouldst any bargain make, to give all will be

fit you well; but not at under-rates to sell. *finis.*

Loves Visibility.

13

With much of pain, and all the Art I knew, have I endeavour'd endeavour'd hither-to

to hide my love, and yet all will not do. the world perceives it, and it may be,

she; though so discreet and good she be, by hiding it, to teach that skill to me,

The Second Part.

Men without love have oft so cunning grown, that something like it they have shorn.

but none who had it ever seem'd to have none. Loves of a strangely open, simple

kind, can, no art or disguises find, but thinks none sees it cause it self is blind. finis.

Bathing in the River.

The fish around her crowded, as they do to the false light that treacherous fishes show

and all with as much ease can taken be, as she at first took me. for ne're did

light so clear among the waves appear, though every night the sun himself set there

The Second Part.

The amorous waves would fain about her stay, but still new amorous waves drive them away, and with swift

current to those joys they haste, that do as swiftly waste, I laught the want to play to view, but

to, alas at land so too, and still old lovers yield the place to new. finis

Weeping

15

See where She sits and in what comely wise, drops tears more fair than
 others Eyes! ah, Charming maid, let not ill fortune see that true thy sorrow
 wears, nor know the beauty of thy tears for still: She'll come to dress herself in thee.

Second Part.
 As Stars reflect on Waters, so I spy in every drop (me thinks) her
 eye, the Baby, who lives there, and always plays in that illustrious sphere, like a Narcissus like a Nar-
 cissus does appear, whilst in his flood the lovely Boy did Gaze. *finis*

The Change.

Love in her Sunny eyes does basking play; love walks the pleasant
 Mazes of her hair; love does on both her lips for ever Straw; and
 Sows and reaps a thousand kisses there in all her outward parts loves
 always Seen; but, oh, but oh, he never went within, but oh, but
 oh, he never went within. *finis.*

The Bargain.

Take heed, Take heed, thou Lovely Maid, nor be by glittering

ills be = traid; thy Self for money? oh, let no man know the

price of beauty faln so Low: what dangers ought'st thou

Not to dread, when love that's blind is by blind fortune Led:

The Second Part.

The foolish Indian that Sells his pretious Gold for beads and

bells, does a more wise and gainfull traffick hold, than thou who

Sell'st thy Self for gold, what gains in Such a bar = gain are?

The third Part

he'll in thy mines dig better Treasures far. Can gold, alas, with thee compare; the Sun, which makes it's not so fair; the Sun which can nor make, nor see a thing so beautiful, as thee, in all the journeys he does pass, though the sea serv'd him for a Looking glass.

The Separation

Ask me not what my love shall do or be (Love which is soul to body and Soul and soul of me) when I am Separated from thee; a-

Tr.
Car. al - as, I might a - s easily show, what after Death the

Soul will do; I will last, I am sure, and that is all wee know, it will last, I am

Tr.
Sure, it will last, I am sure, and that is all wee know. Finis.

Her Unbelief.

'Tis a strange kind of ignorance this in you, that you your victories

Tr.
Should not spy, Victories gotten by your eye, that your bright

Tr.
beams as those of comets do, should kill, and not know how, should kill, and

Not know how, should kill, and not know how, nor who

The Second Part.

They see too well who at my fires repine, nay th'unconcern'd them

Selves do prove quick-ey'd enough to spy my love; nor does the

cause in thy face clearer shine, than the effect appears

than the effect appears, than the effect appea-

= = rs in mine. *finis.*

The Duels

21

Yes, I will love then, I will love, I will not now loves rebel prove, though I was

once his Enemy; though ill advis'd and Stubborn I, did to the Combate

him defy, an Helmet, spear, and mighty Shield, like some new Ajax

I did wield. Love in one hand his bow did take, in th'other hand a Dart did

shake. but yet in vain the Dart did throw, in vain he often drew the bow, so well my

Armor did resist, so aft by slight the blow I mist. but when I

thought all danger past, his quiver empty'd quite at last, instead of

Arrow, or of Dart, instead of Arrow, or of Dart, he shot himself, he

shot himself he shot himself into my heart, he shot him -

self i-----nto my heart. ~ finis.

The Soul.

If mine eyes do ere declare that have seen a second thing that's fair

or ears, that they have musick found, besides thy voice in any sound; if m

of
Tast do ever meet, after thy kiss with ought that's sweet; if my abused touch all-

he
-ow ought to be smooth, or soft, but you, if, what seasonable springs, or the eastern summer

brings, do my smell perswade at all, ought perfume, but thy breath to call; if all my

senses objects be not contracted into thee, and so through thee more powerful

air
pass, as beams do through a burning glass; if all things that in Nature

are either soft, or sweet, or fair; be not in thee so exatomiz'd, that nought ma

tr.
 =terials not compriz'd; may I as worthless seem to thee as all, but thou,

tr.
 as all, but thou, as all but thou appea

tr.
 rs appears to me *finis.*

tr. My heart discovered. *tr.*
 Her body is so gently bright, clear and transparent to ^{the} sight, clear as fair

tr.
 crystal to the view, yet soft as that ere stone it grew, that through her flesh, me

tr.
 thinks, is seen the brighter soul that dwells within: our eyes the subtle covering

pass, and see that lilly through its Glass. I through her brest her heart es =

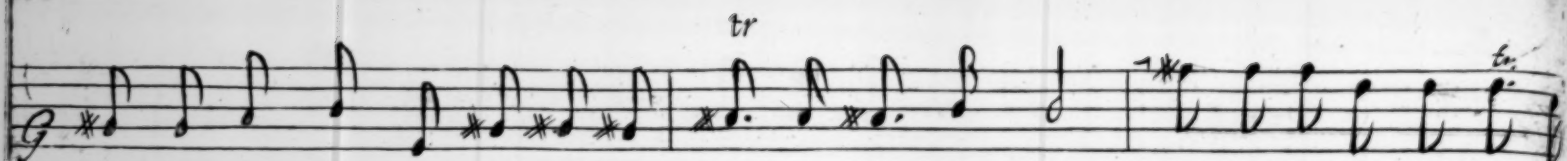
= py, as souls in hearts do souls descry, I feet with gentle motions beat;

I see light int, but find no heat. within, like Angels in the sky, a thousand

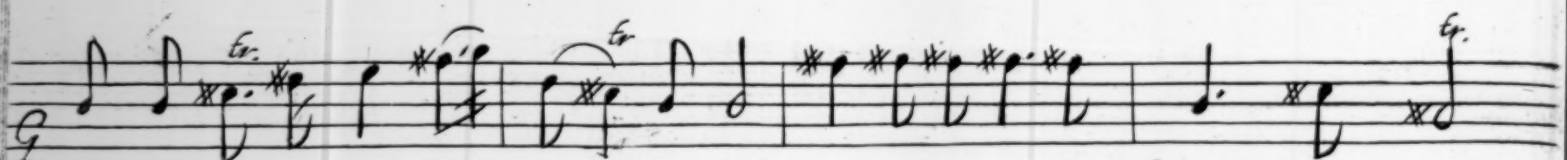
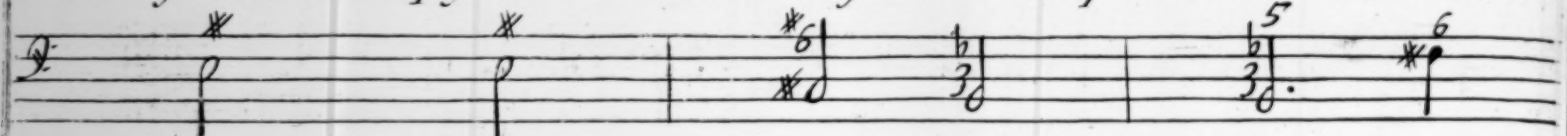
gilded thoughts do fly: thoughts of bright and noblest kind, fair and chaste as mother

mind. but, oh, what other heart is there, which sighs and crowds to her so near. 'tis all on

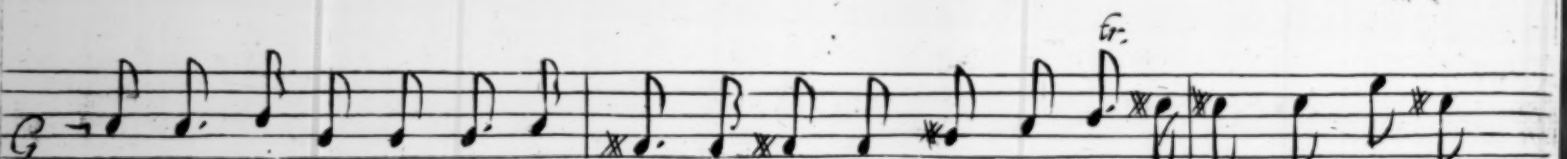
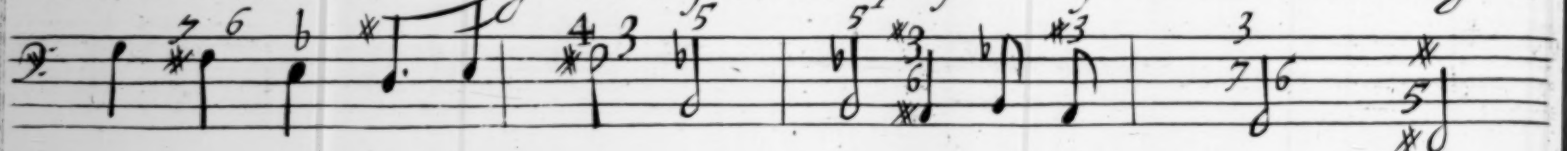
flame, and does like fire, to that, as to its Heaven, aspire. the wounds are



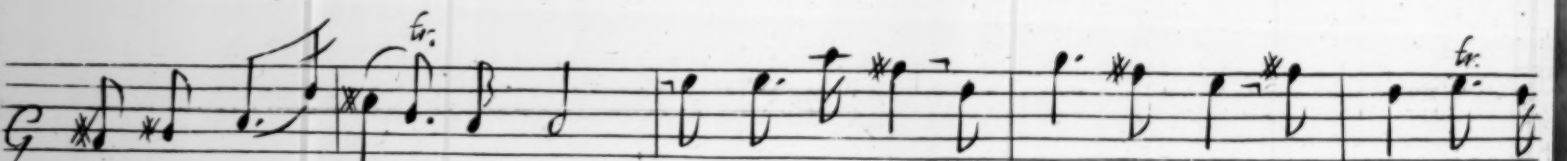
many int and deep: still does it bleed, and still does weep. whose ever wretched heart is



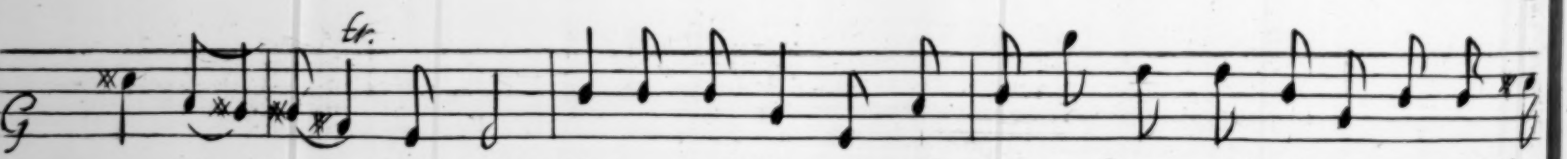
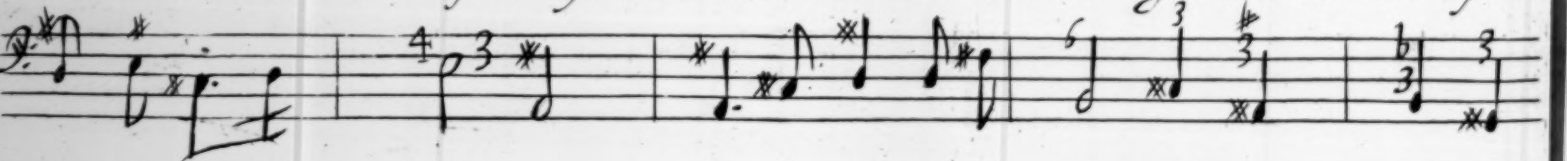
bee, I cannot chuse but grieve to see; what pity in my breast does raighn:



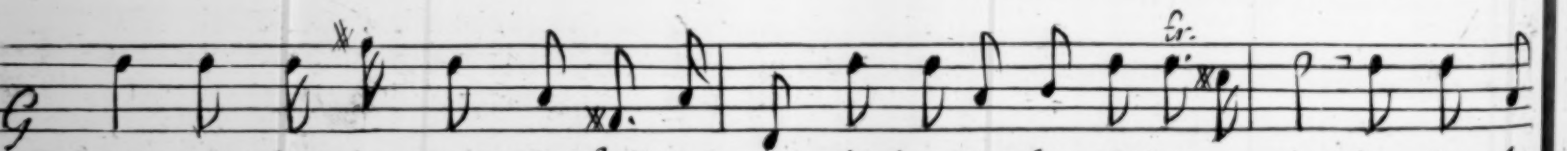
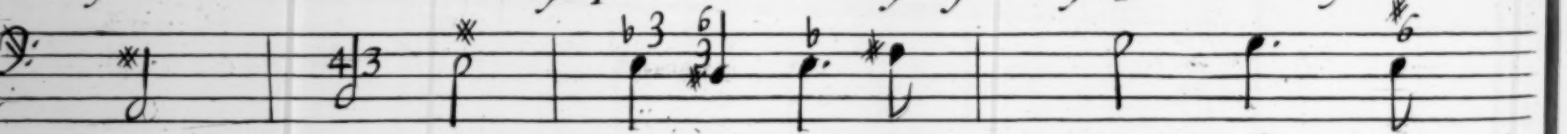
methinks I feel too all its pain. So torn, and so defac'd it lyes, that it could



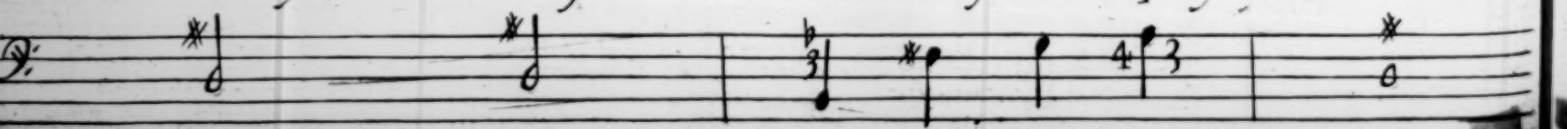
nere be know - n by th' eyes; but, oh, at last I heard it groan, and knew by the

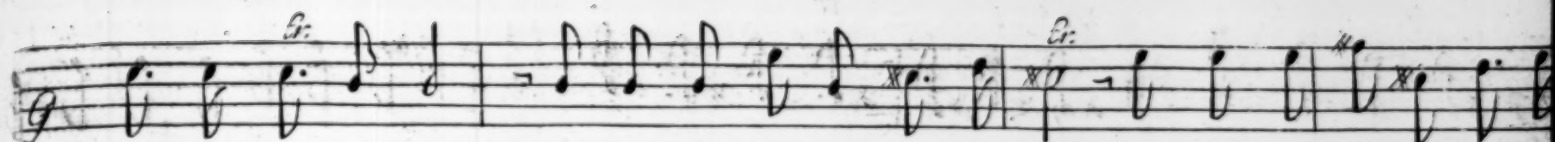


voyce that 'twas mine own. so poor Alcion, when she saw a shipwrackt body towards her

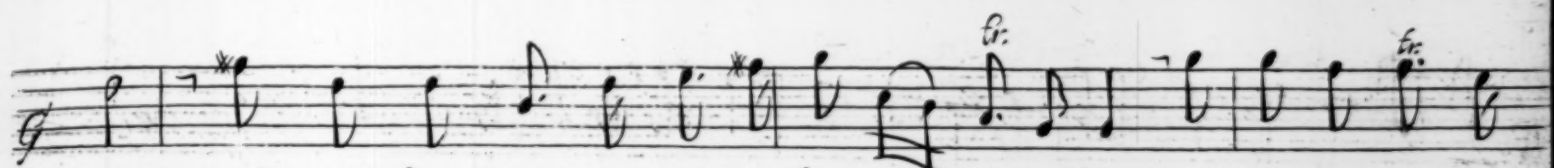
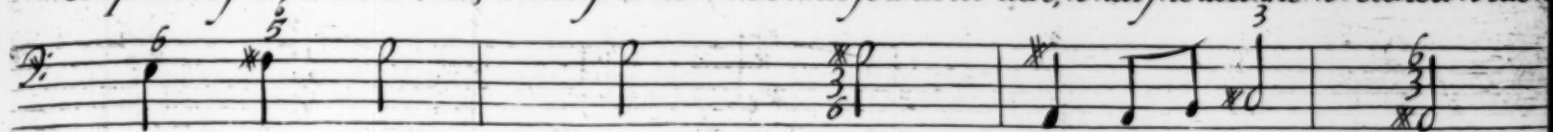


draw beat by the waves, let fall a tear, which only then did pity wear: but when the

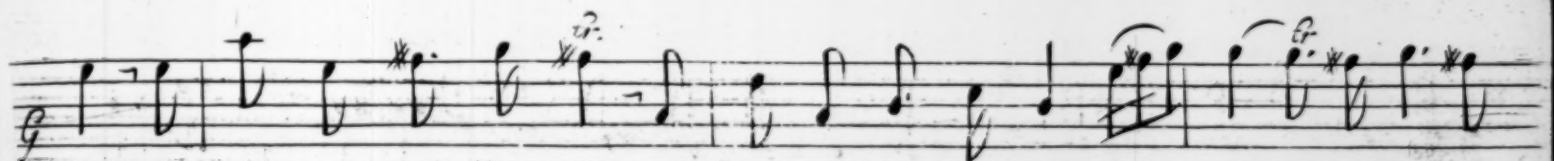
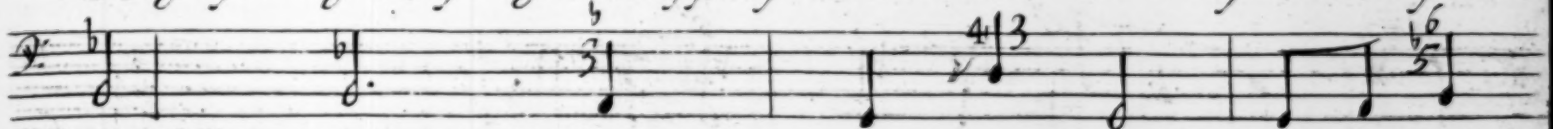




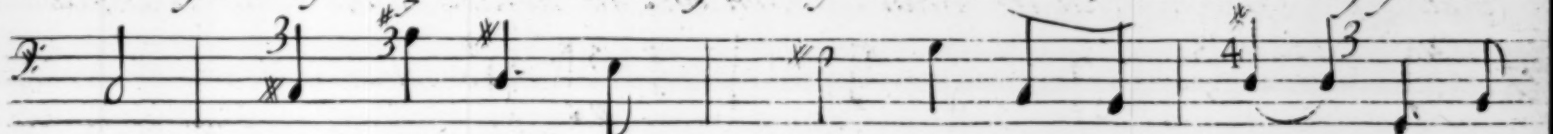
Corps on shore were cast, which she her husband found at last; what should the wretched widow



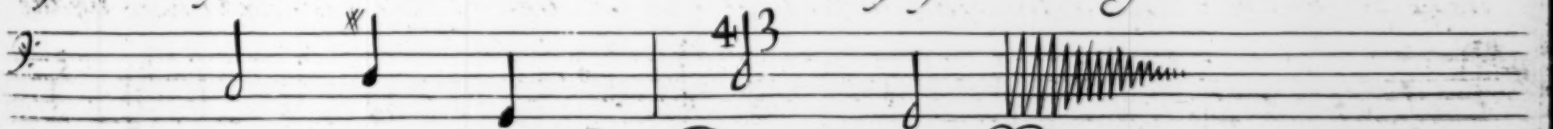
do: grief chang'd her straight, away she flew, turn'd to a Bird: and so at last shall



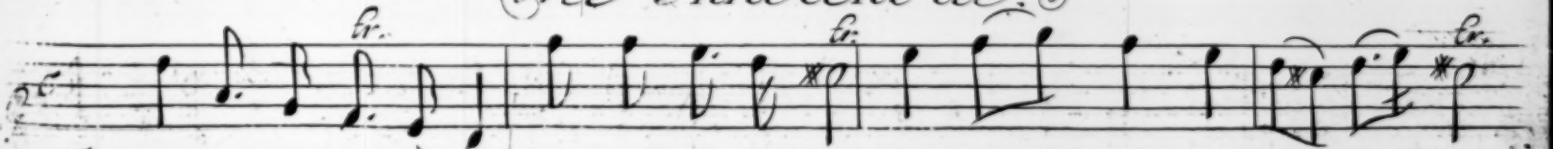
I, both from my murth'rd heart both from my murth'rd heart, and murth'rer fly, both



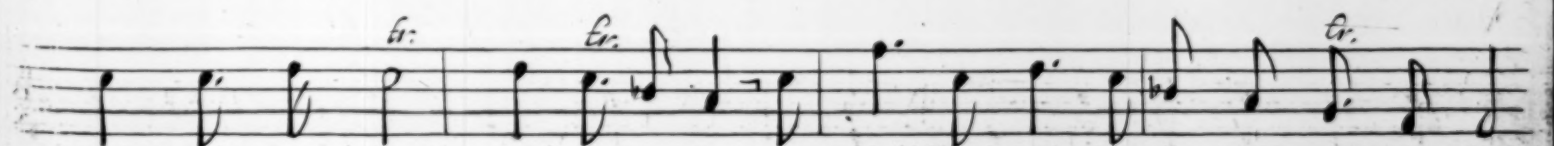
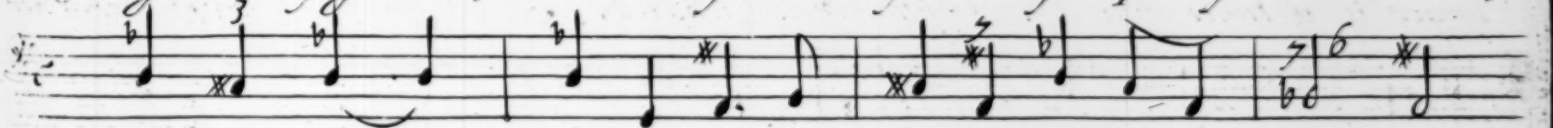
from my murth'rd heart, and murth'rer fly. *finis.*



The Innocent ill

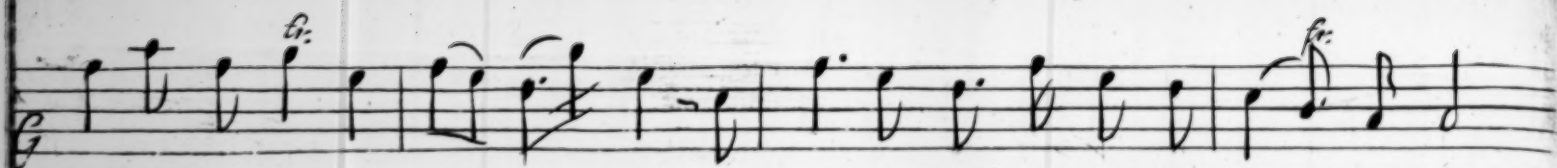


Though all thy gestures, and discourses be coynd and stamp't by modes = tie,

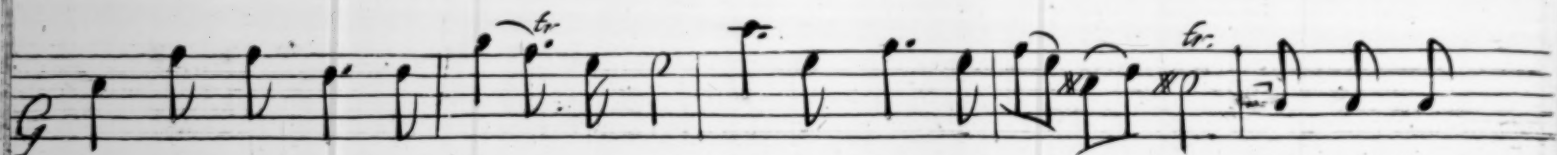
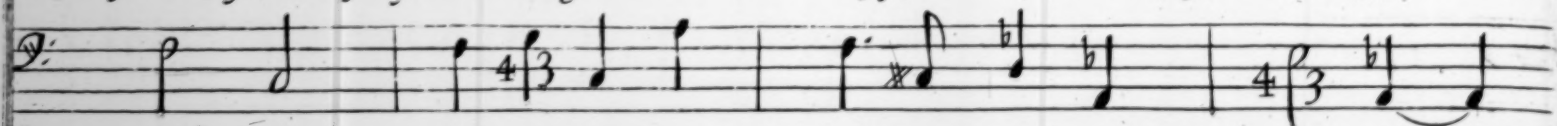


though from thy tongue ne're slipt away one word which Muns at th' Altar might not say,

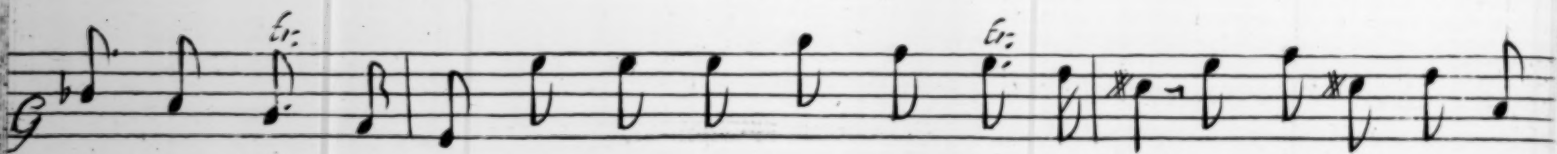
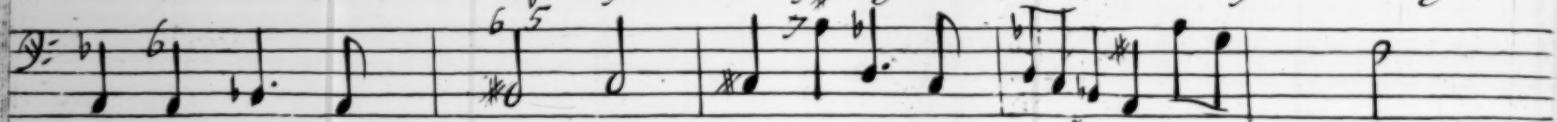




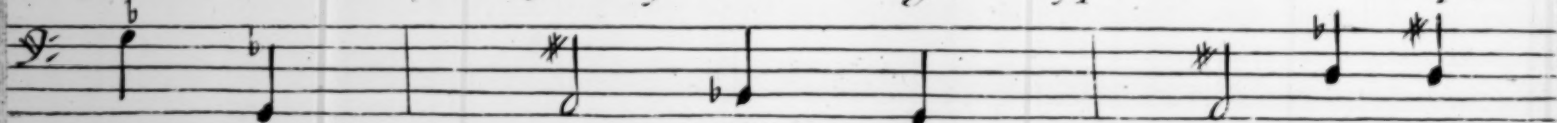
yet such a sweetness, such a grace in all thy speech, in all thy speech appear;



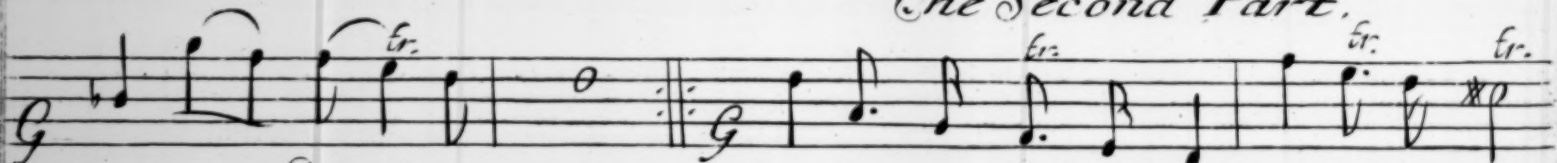
that what to th'eye a beauteous face, that thy tongue is to the ear. so cunning -



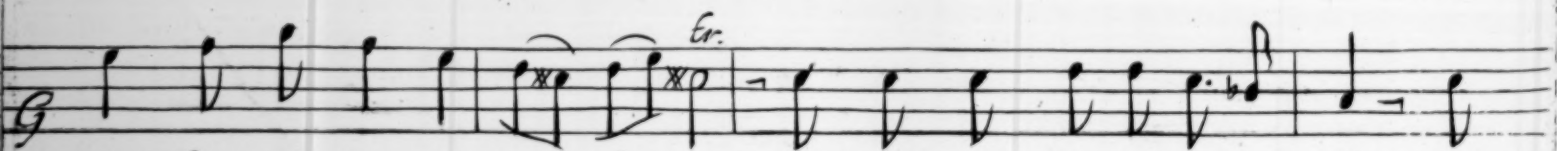
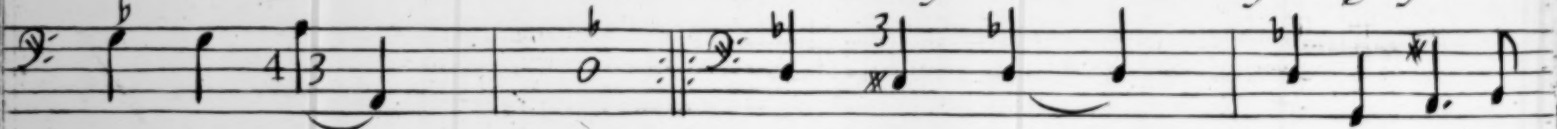
ly it wounds the heart, it strikes such heat through every part, that thou a Tempter



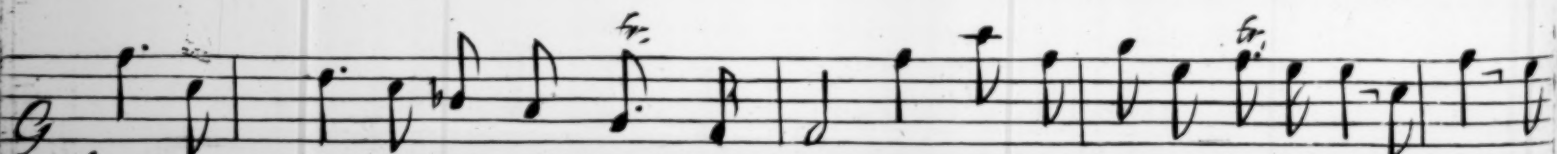
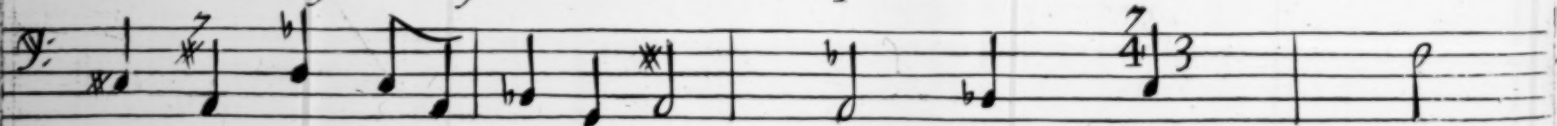
The Second Part.



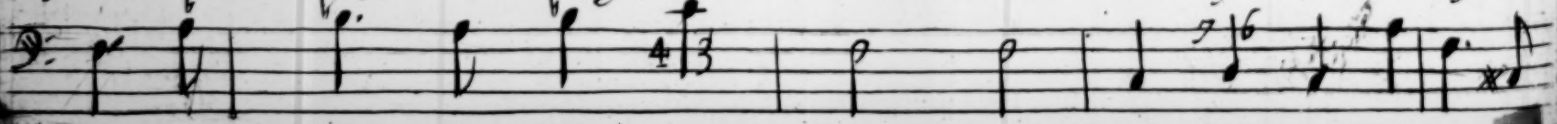
worse than Satan art. Thou lovely Instrument of angry Fate,



which God did for our faults create! thou pleasant, Universal ill, which



sweet as health, yet like a Plague dost kill: thou kind well natur'd Tyrannie! thou chafe thou



chast committer of a Rape! thou Voluntary Des = tinie,

which no man can, or would escape; so gentle, and so glad to spare, so wondrous

good, and wondrous fair; (we know) e'en the destroying An = gels are = finis.

The Dissembler?

Unhurt, untoucht did I complain, and terrify'd all others with the

pain: but now I feel I feel the mighty evil; and there is no fooling

with the Devil, so wanton men, so wanton men, whilst others they would

fright, themselves have met themselves have met with a re-^{tr.}-al spright

The Second Part.

I thought, I'll swear, an handsome ly had been no sin at all in Poe = ^{tr.}

=try: but now I suffer I suffer an arrest for words were spoke by

me in jest: dull, sottish God. dull sottish God of love, and can it ^{tr.}

be, thou understand'st thou understand'st not Raillery? ^{tr.} finis.

The Picture ^{tr.}

Here take my likeness with you, whilst 'tis so; for when from hence I ^{tr.}

go, the next suns rising will behold me pale, and lean, and

old. the man who did this Picture draw, will swear next day my face

The Second Part.

he never saw. I really believe, wi-

= thin a while, if you upon this shadow smile, your presence

will such vigour give, (your presence which makes all things live)

and absence so much alter me, this will the substance, I the shadow be.

Finis.

The Encrease

I thought, I'll swear I could have lov'd no more than I had done before, but you as easily might account

to the top of numbers you amount, as cast up my love: score, ten thousand millions was the

sum; millions of endless millions are to Come

The Second Part.

I'm sure her beauties cannot greater grow, why would my love do so? a real cause at

first did move; but mine own fancy now drives on my love, with shadows from it self that flow, my

love, as we in numbers see, by cyphers is encreast eter---nallie. finis.

Give me thy youth, the time of love, the Now that's in thy power, I'll fall on thee like mighty

Love but in, but in a nobler shower; my thoughts shall still be fix'd on thee, with love thy love re-

-ceive; vnconstant then, and fickle be, if love will, if love will, if love will give you leave.

The Secorid Part.

Can there be falsehood in those eyes, or can those looks be - tray? I'll love you spite of grave and

wise, I'll love you, I'll love you whilst I may; when I'm decrepit Age's slave, and

amorow flames decay, I'll leave my loving then be grave and wise, and wise & wise as well as they.

My paine is great, extreme is my delight, I muse all Day, I sleep not

in the Night; to say, I am in Loue, I can-not; yet; but that I am

Second Part.

sure this doth resemble it. One only object takes up all my

mind, in nothing else can I a pleasure find, if this be it to have

a Wounded heart, there's none can be more sensible of Smart; my Soule is set on

fire by certain Rays, the Sun best pleaseth in the Chillest Days.

No eye as yet doth see my flame, but sure, fire hath no heat int more than I indure.

When I see Phaon there, my Souls at ease; he out of sight, there's nothing can me

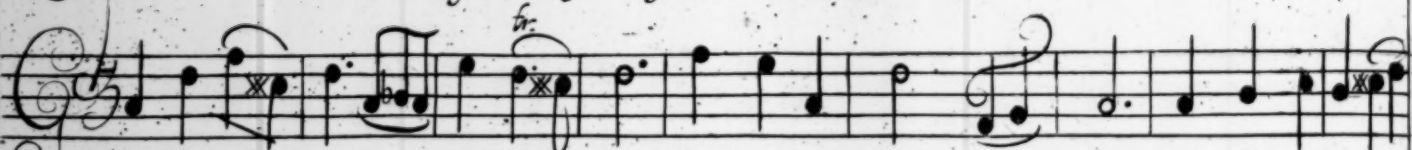
Please; perhaps he is my Vanquisher, but yet I will be

Ignorant of my defeat. All that he says, seems full of charmes for me,

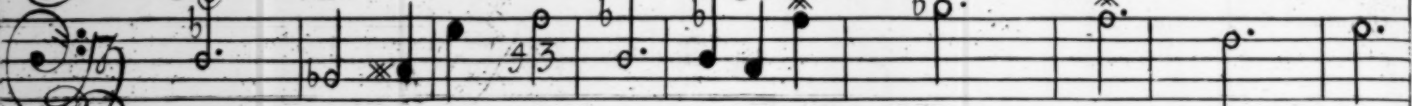
and in his Silence, no felicity; hast thou laid down thine armes, o hart, so

braue! I cannot tell, but I beleive I haue. finis.

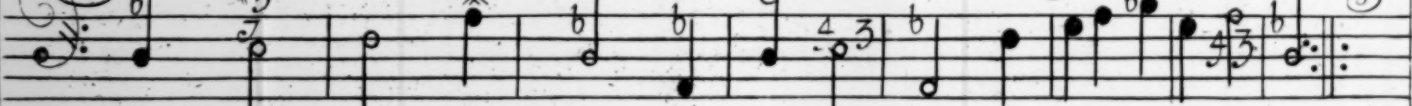
36
Verses by my Lord Rochester.



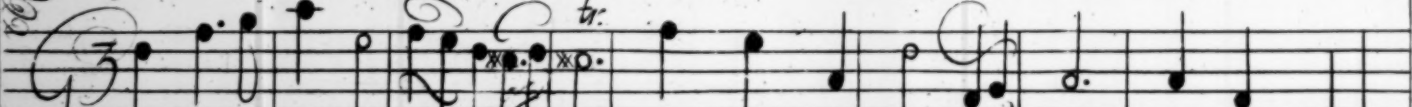
All my past Life is mine no more, the flying houres are gone; like Transitory



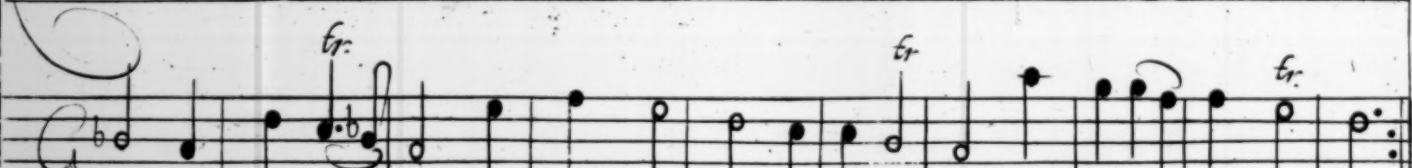
Dreames given ore, whose Images are kept in Store, by Memory alone.



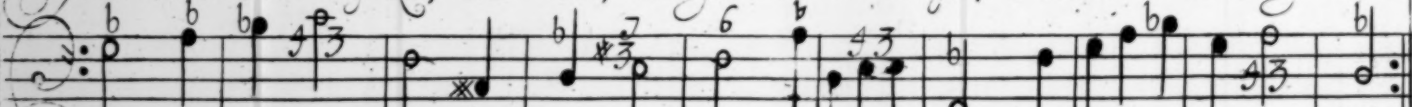
Secondo: P.



What euer is to come, is not; how can it then be Mine, the present



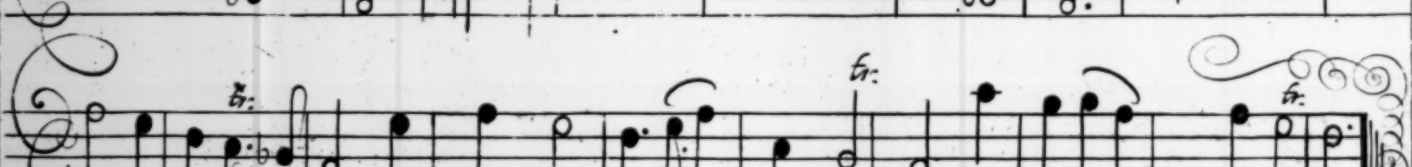
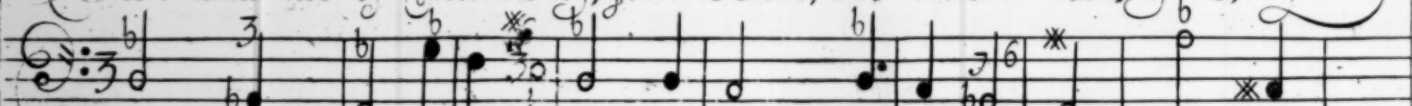
Moment's All my lot, and that, as fast as it is got, Phillis is Wholly thine.



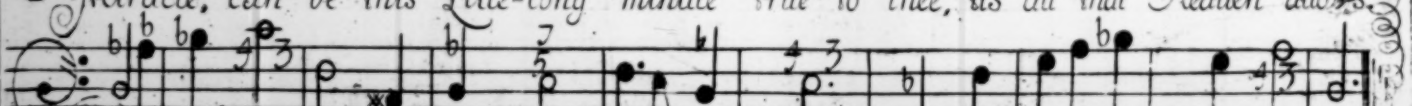
3. Part.



Then talke not of Inconstancy, false Heart, and broken Vows; if I, by



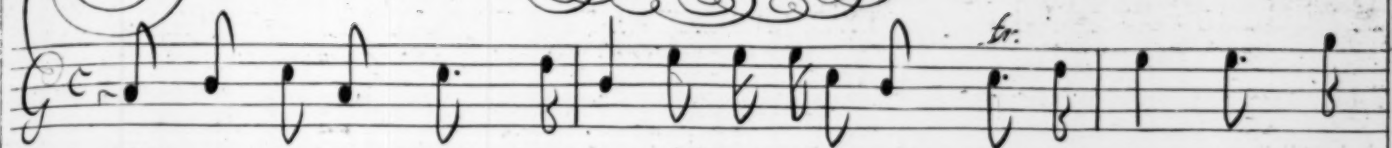
Miracle, can be this Liew-long minute true to thee, tis all that Heaven allows.



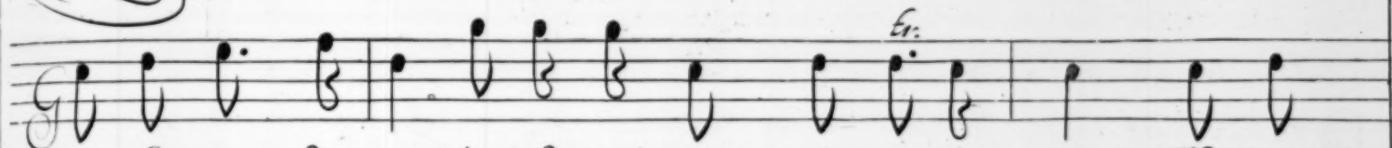
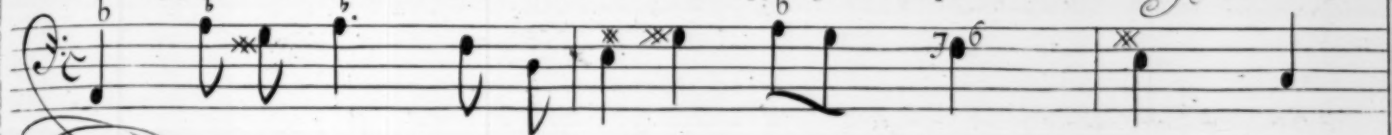
finis.

The Grasshopper

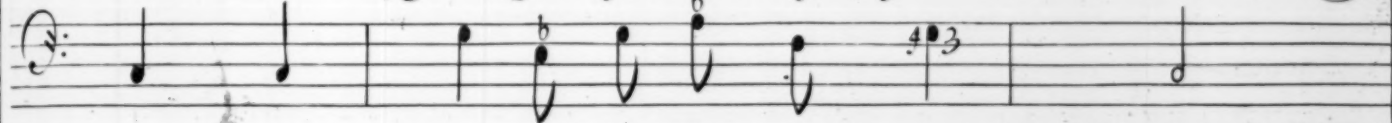
37



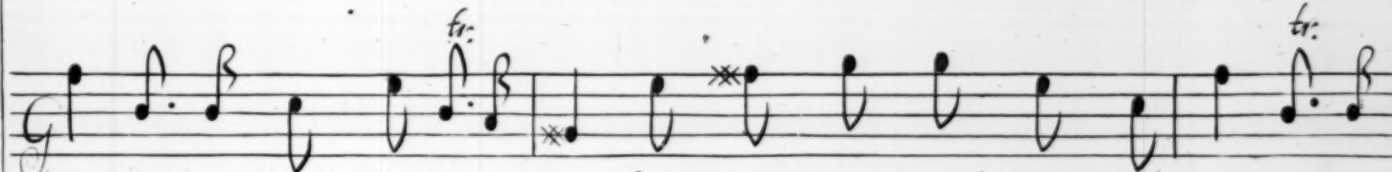
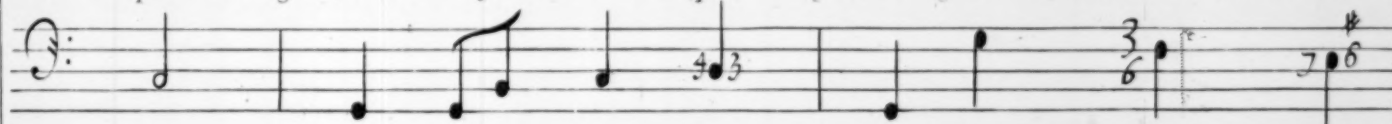
Happy Insect, What can be in happiness compar'd to thee? fed with



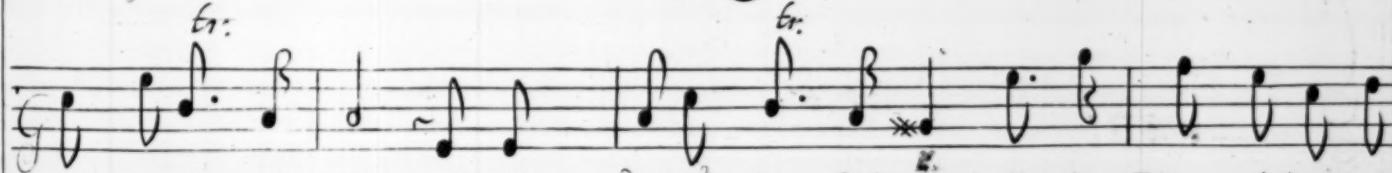
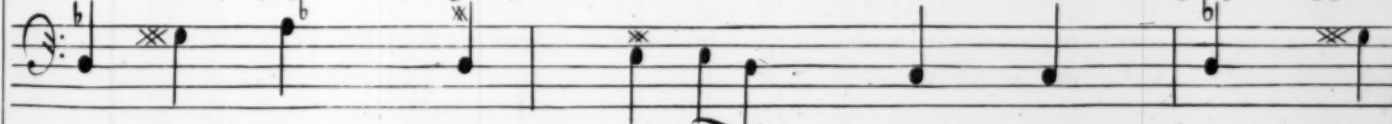
nourishment. divine, the dewy morning's gentle wine! Nature



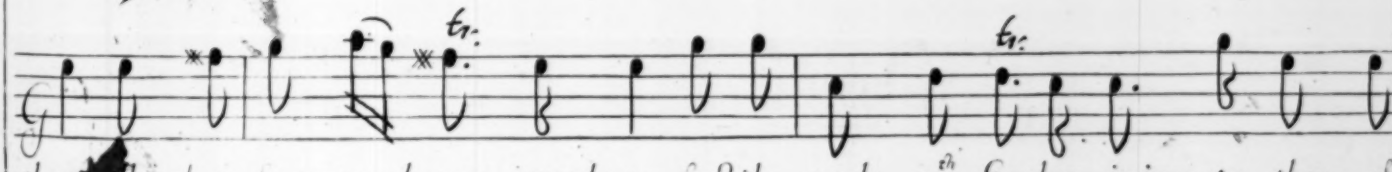
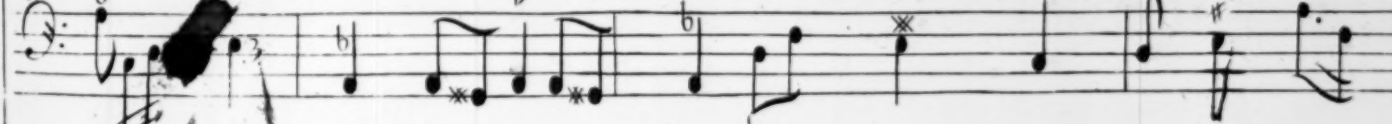
fruits upon thee still, and thy verdant Cup does fill; 'tis fill'd where ever thou dost



tread, Nature self's thy Ganymed. thou dost drink, and dance, and sing: happier

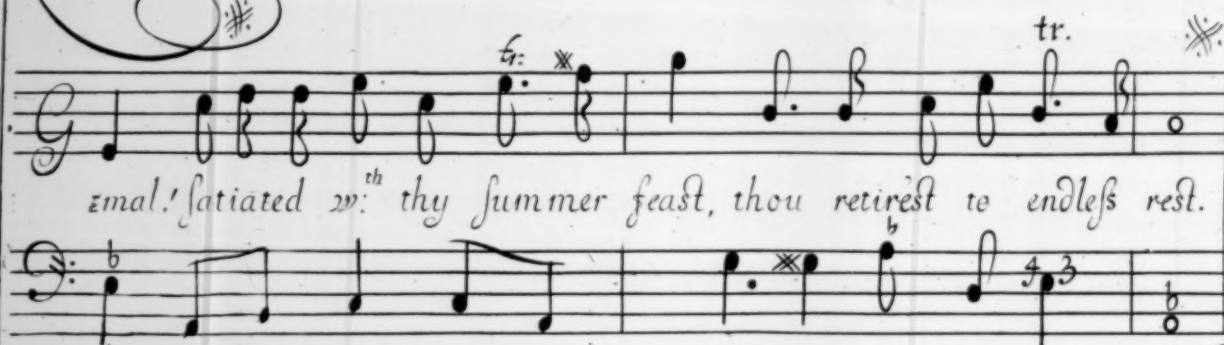
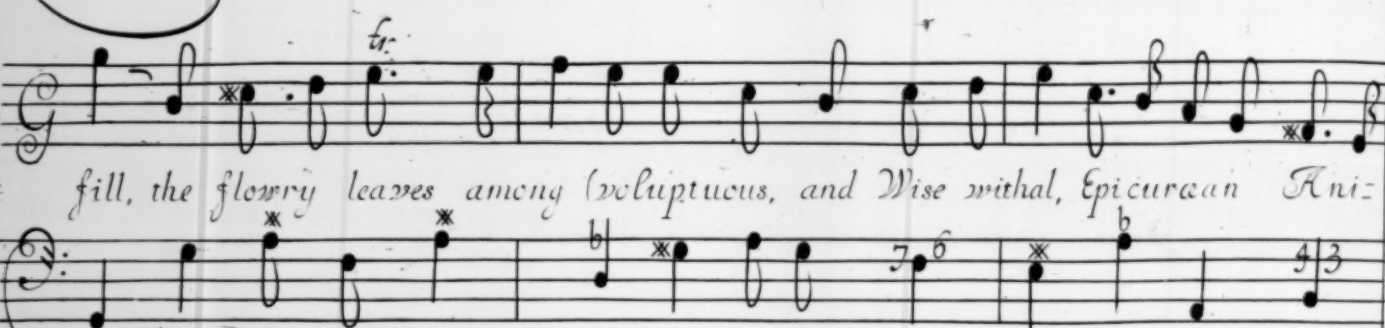
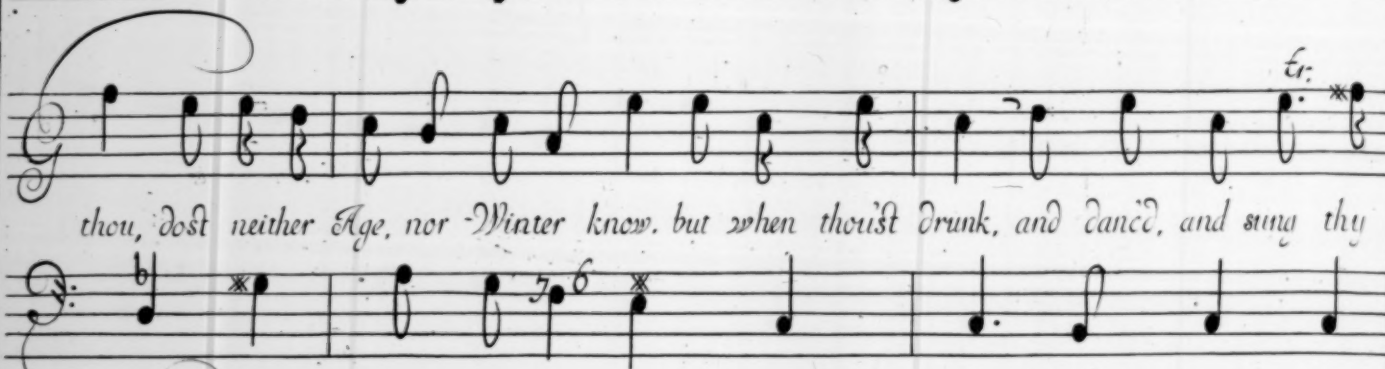
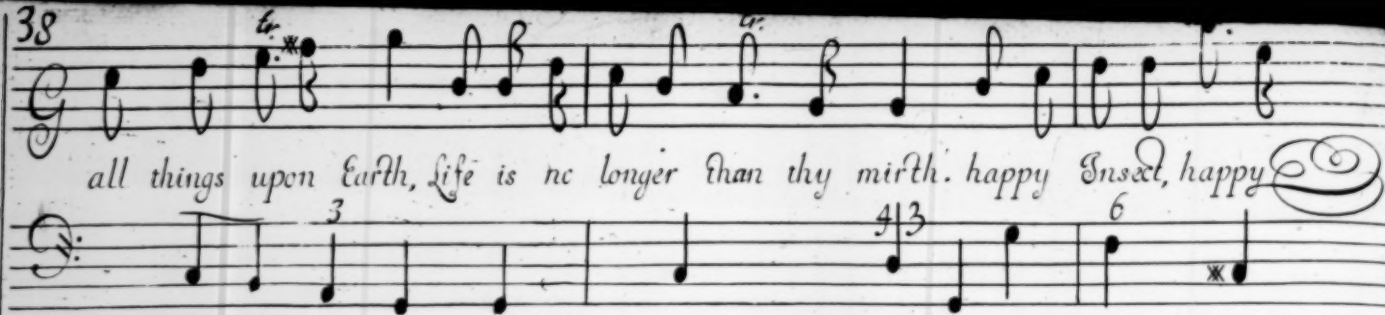


than the happiest King! all the fields wth thou dost see, all the Plants belong to

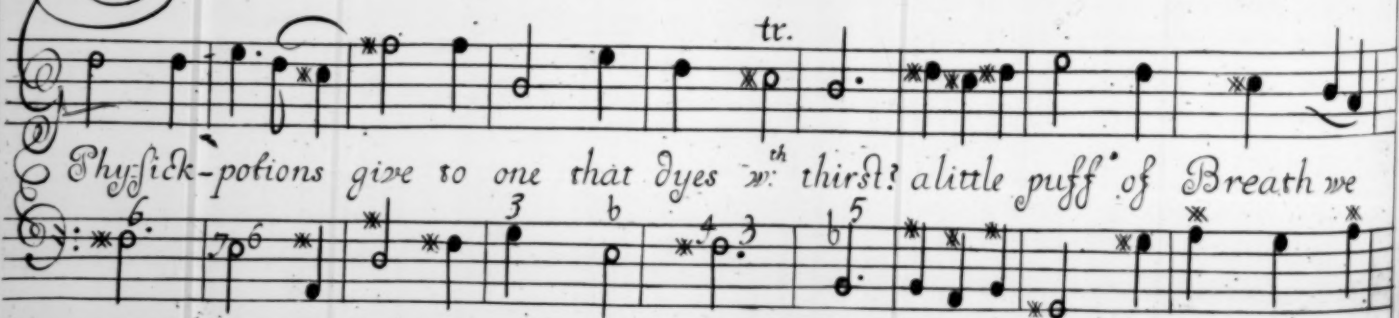
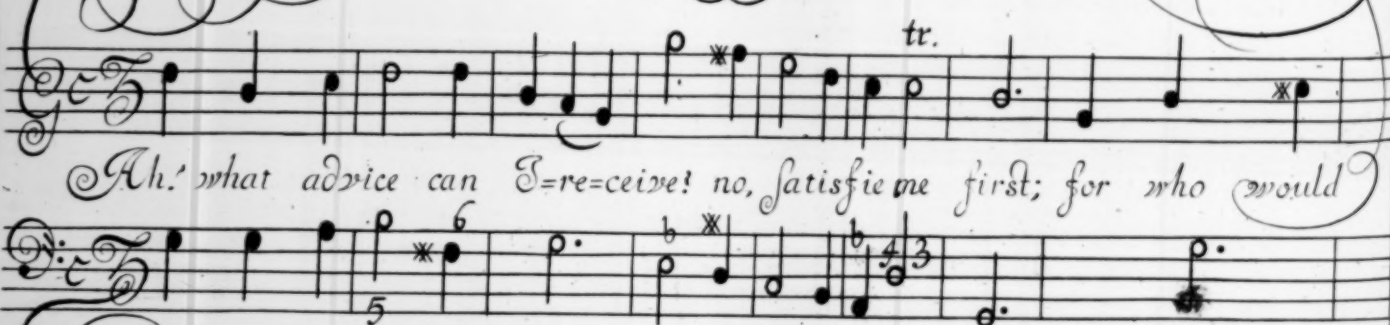


thee! all that summer hours produce, fertile made wth Early juices. to thee of





Council.



Find small Fires can quench and Kill; but when they're Great, the adverse wind does

make them greater still. Now whilst you speak, it moves me much; but straight I am

just the same; alas, th'effect must needs be such of Cutting through a flame, of Cutting through a flame.

The Heart fled again.

False, foolish Heart! Didst thou not say, that thou wouldst never leave me more? behold a-

-gain 'tis flad a-way, fled as far from me as before. I strove to bring it back again,

I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain, I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain,

finis

The Swallow.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou so early at my window do with thy
 tuneless Serenade: well t'had been, had Jerrus made Thee as dumb as Philo-
 mel; There his knife had done but well, in thy undiscovered nest thou dost
 all the Winter rest, thou dost all the Winter rest, and dreamest
 o're thy Summer Joys, free from the Stormy Seasons noise: free from
 th'ill thou'st done to mee; who disturbs, or Seeks, out thee: who disturbs, or Seeks, out

The musical score is written on ten staves, each consisting of a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/3. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals (sharps, flats, naturals), and ornaments (trills, marked 'tr.'). The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words underlined. The score is a single system, with the lyrics continuing across the staves.

thee hadst thou all the charming notes, of the woods. But thy art, all thy art could never pay what thou'st

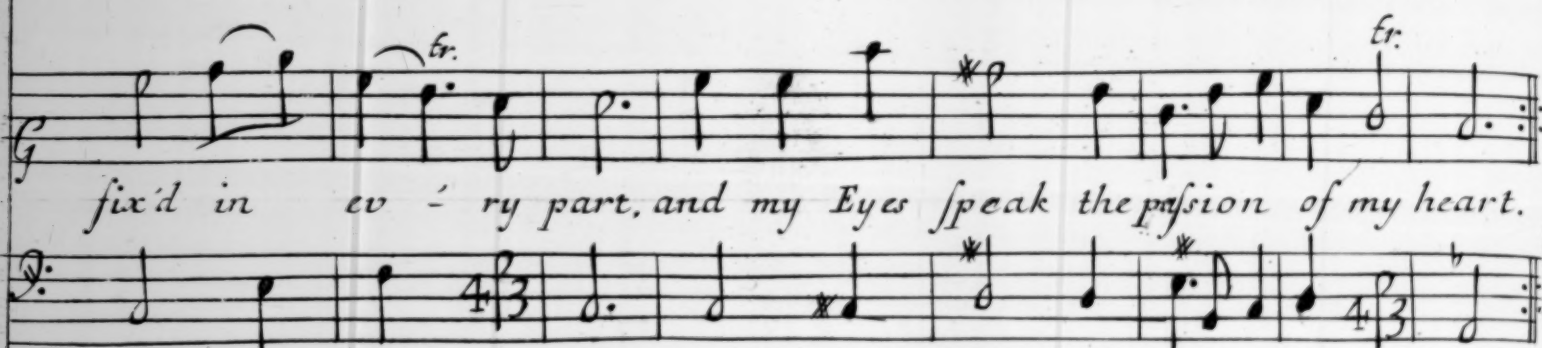
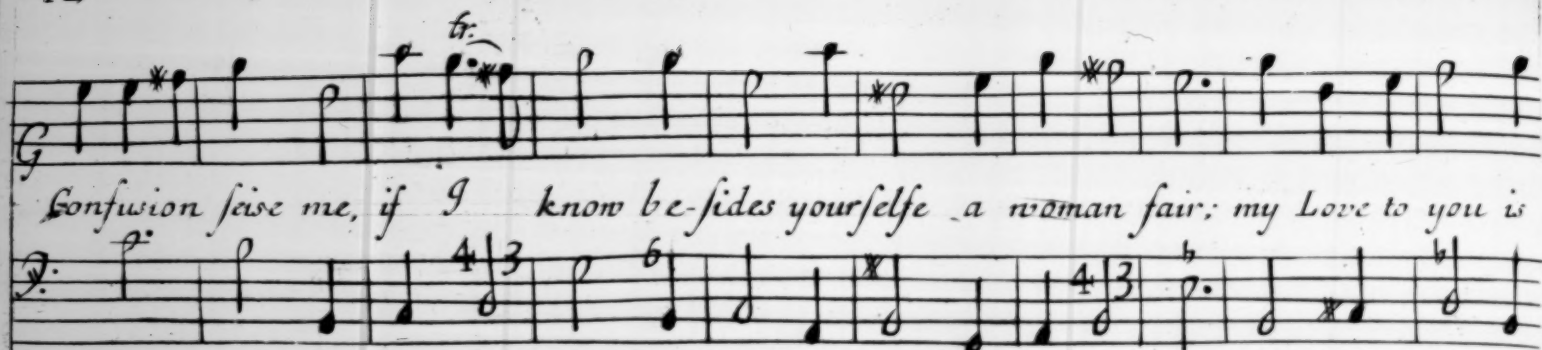
ta'ne from me away. Ouel Bird, thou'st ta'ne away, a dream out of my arms to day, a dream that

nére must equall'd be by all that Waking Eyes may See. thou this Damage, to re

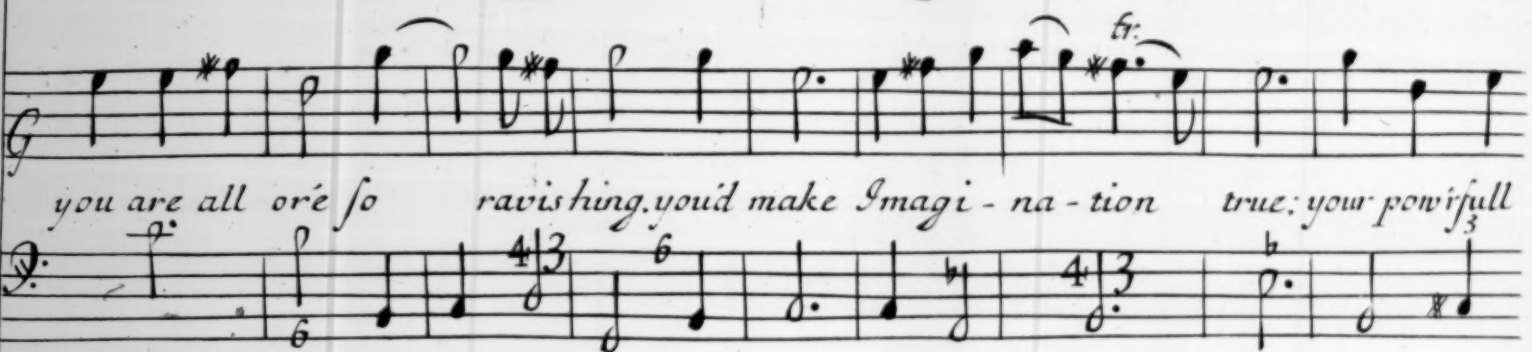
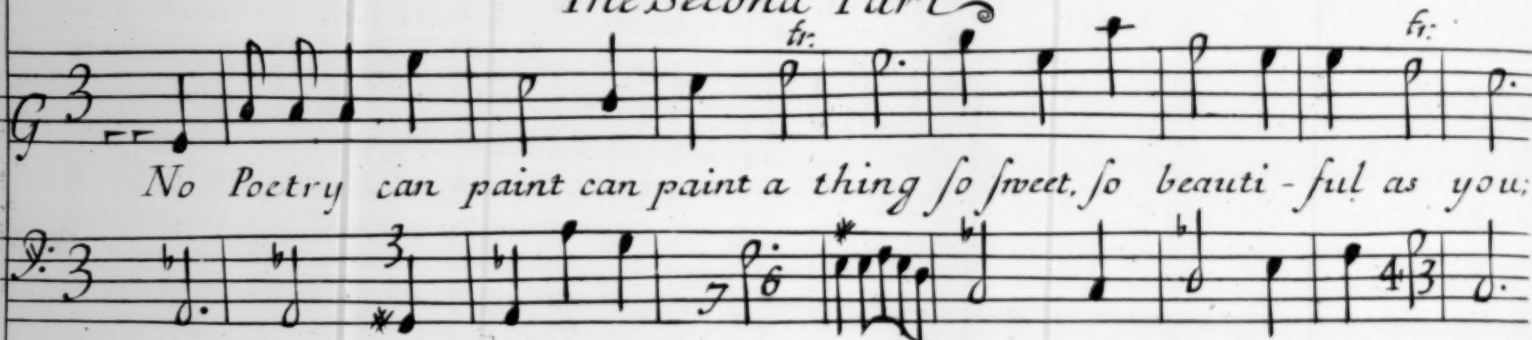
pair nothing half So Sweet, or fair, nothing half So good canst bring, though, men

Say thou bring'st the Spring. *finis.*

Love you by all that's good I doe, more than your Guardian Angel farr;



The Second Part





THE
SECOND PART.

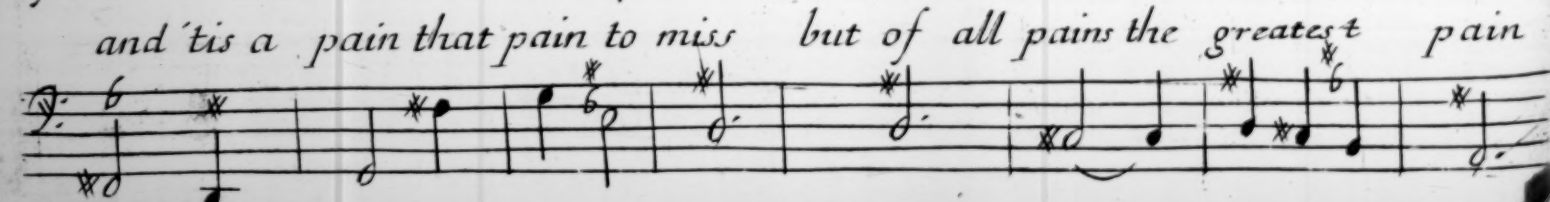
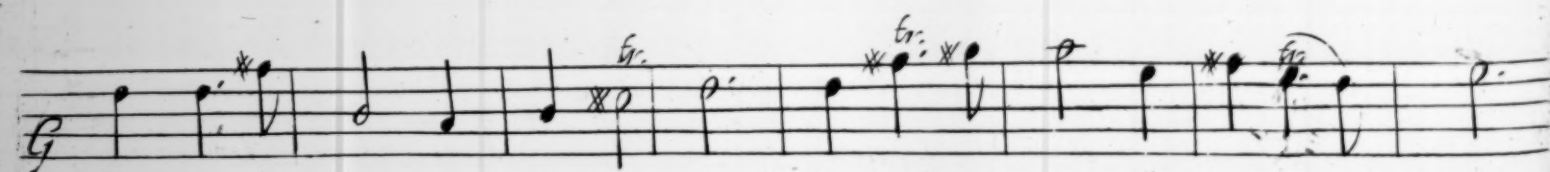
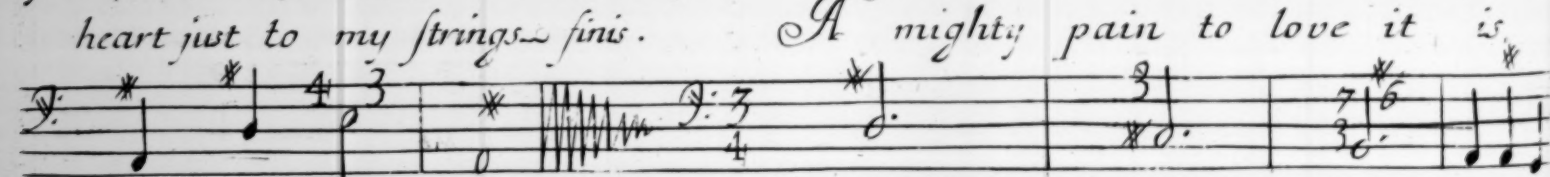
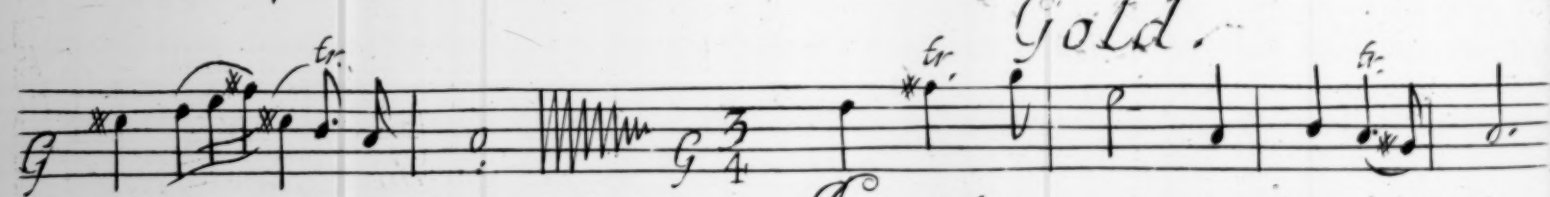
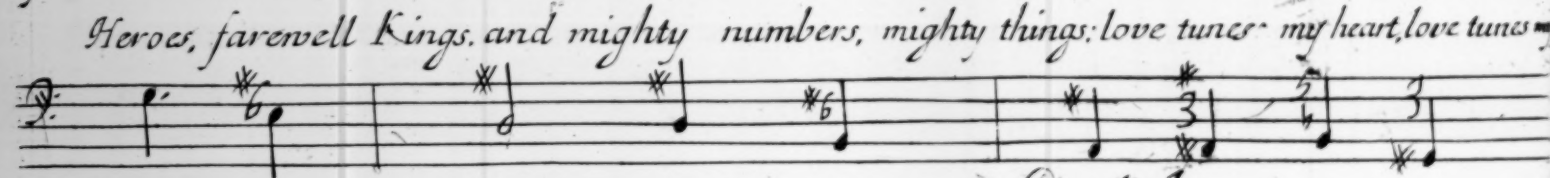
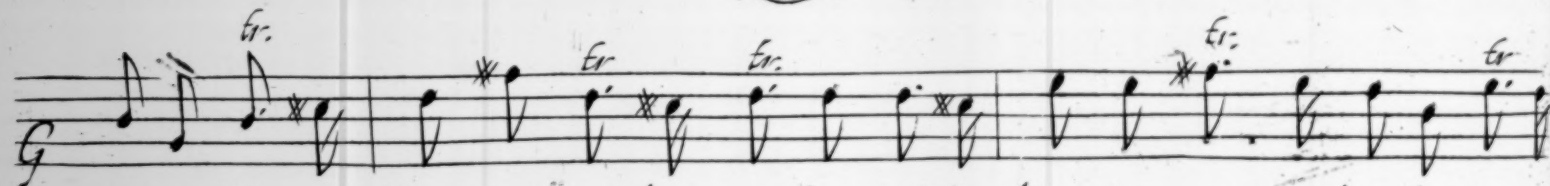
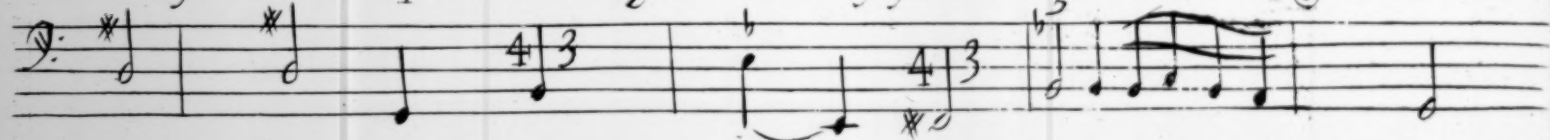
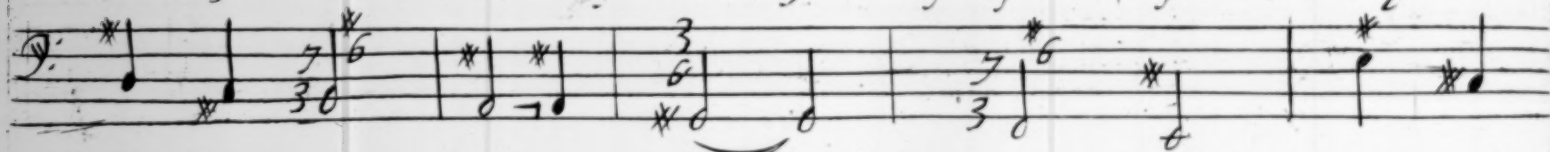
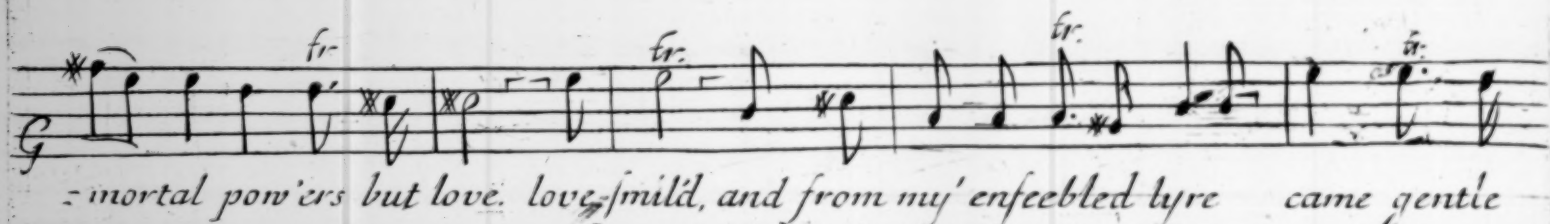
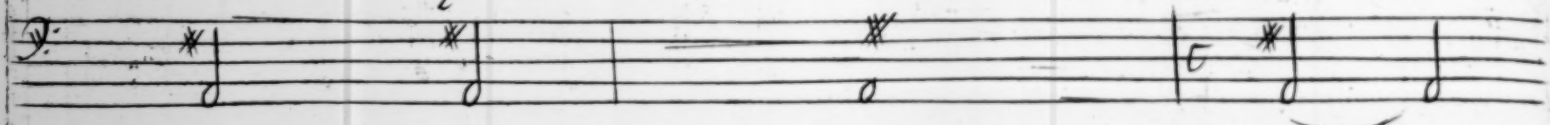


1

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff of 'The Rose Tree'. The staff is a single five-line staff with a treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody consists of the following notes: a quarter note on G4, a half note on A4, a quarter note on B4, a half note on C5, a quarter note on B4, a half note on A4, a quarter note on G4, and a half note on F#4. There are some handwritten markings above the staff, including a sharp sign and a cross.

Handwritten musical notation for the first staff of 'The Rose Tree'. The staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a fermata over the final note of the first measure. The notation is written in a simple, clear style.

XUK



Handwritten musical notation for the first system. The treble staff contains a melody with several trills (tr.) and a final triplet. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with various chordal figures and a triplet. The lyrics are written below the staff.

it is to love, but love in vain. vertue now nor noble blood.

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. The treble staff continues the melody with trills. The bass staff includes a triplet and a final triplet. The lyrics are written below the staff.

nor wit by love is understood. Gold alone does passion move. Gold

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. The treble staff features a trill and a repeat sign. The bass staff includes a triplet and a final triplet. The lyrics are written below the staff.

mono-polizes love. A curse on her, and on the man who this traffick first be-

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. The treble staff includes a trill. The bass staff includes a triplet and a final triplet. The lyrics are written below the staff.

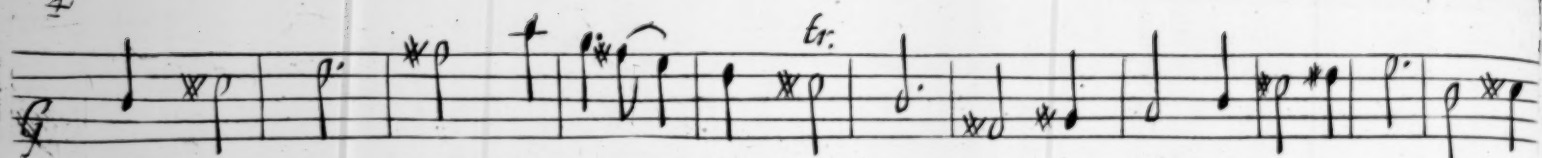
=gan; a curse on him who found the Ore: a curse on him who digg'd the store; a curse on

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff includes a triplet and a final triplet. The lyrics are written below the staff.

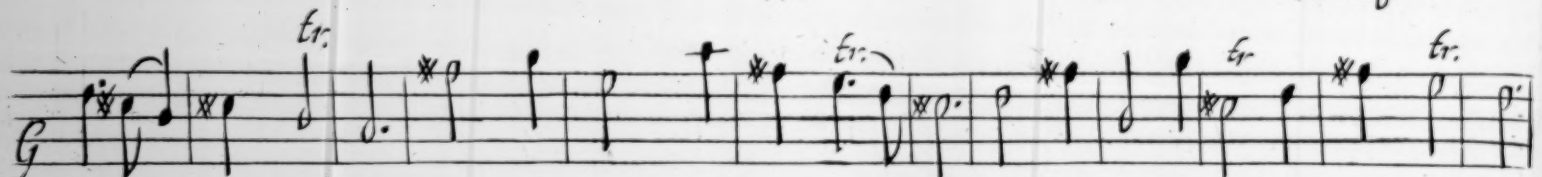
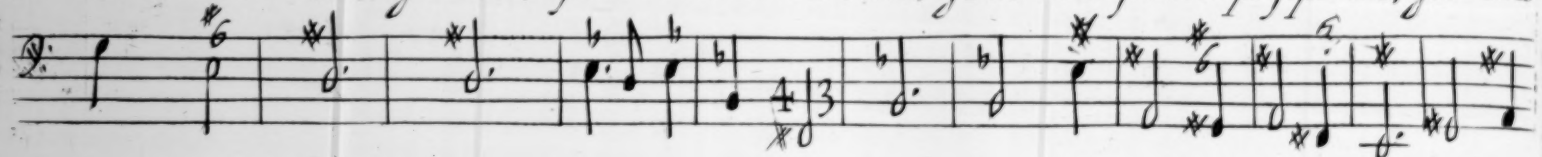
him who did refine it; a curse on him who first did coyn it; a curse all

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth system. The treble staff includes a trill. The bass staff includes a triplet and a final triplet. The lyrics are written below the staff.

curses else above, on him who us'd it first in Love. Gold begets in



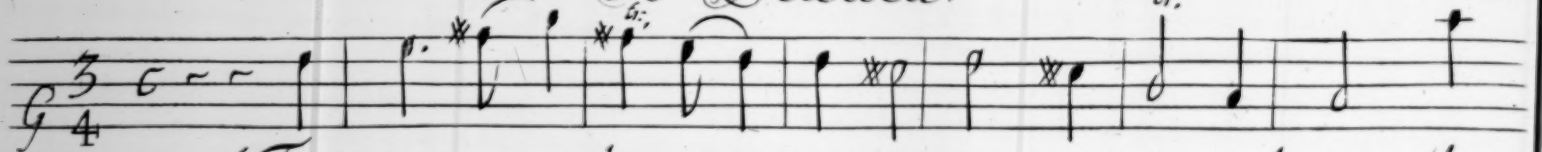
Brethren hate, gold in fami - lies De-bate, gold does friendships separate, gold does



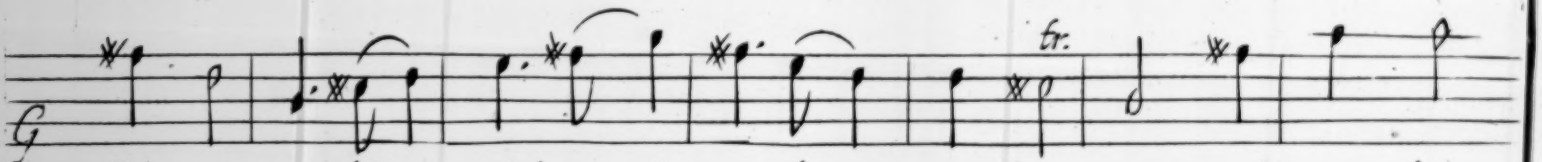
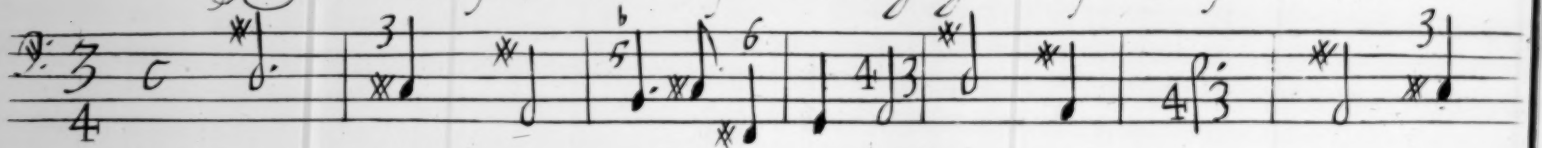
civil wars create, these the smallest harms of it, gold, alas, alas does love beget



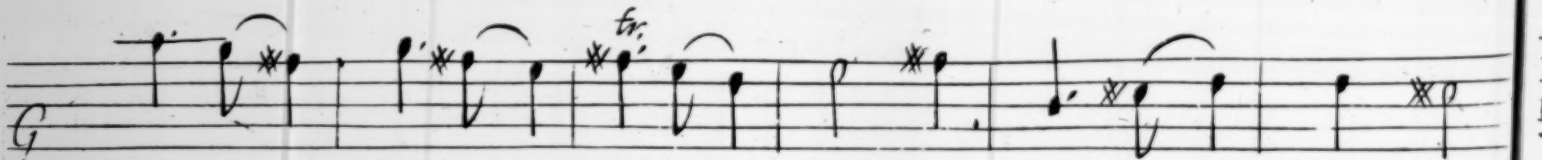
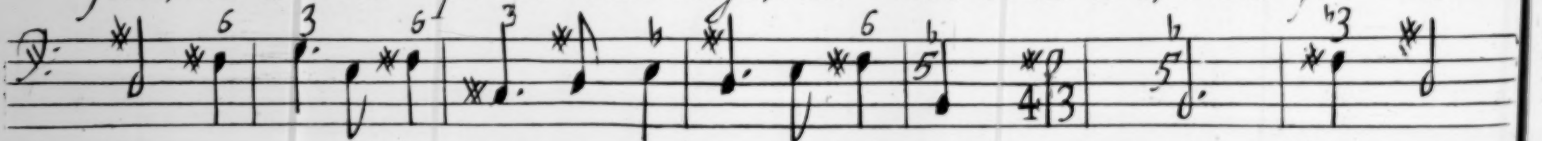
To Flavia.



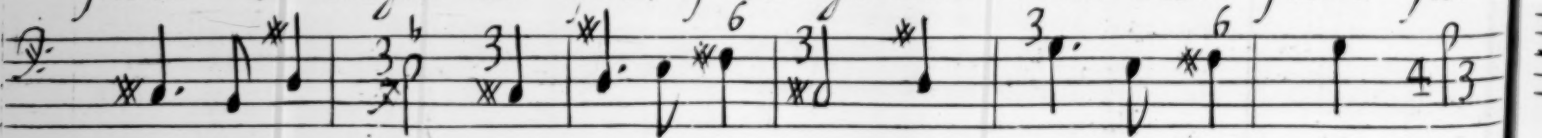
Is not your beauty can engage my wary heart: the



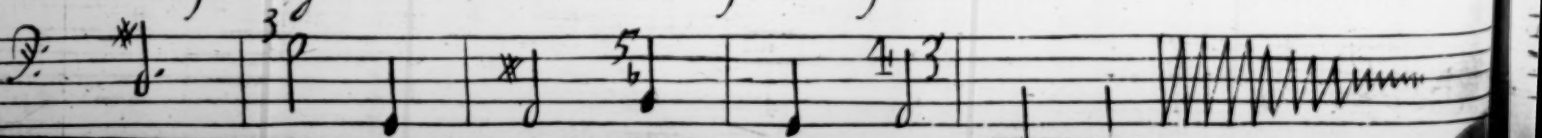
sun, in all his pride and rage, has not that art: and yet he



shines as bright as you, if brightness could our souls sub:



= due, if brightness could our souls sub due. Finis.



5

does

et.

15.

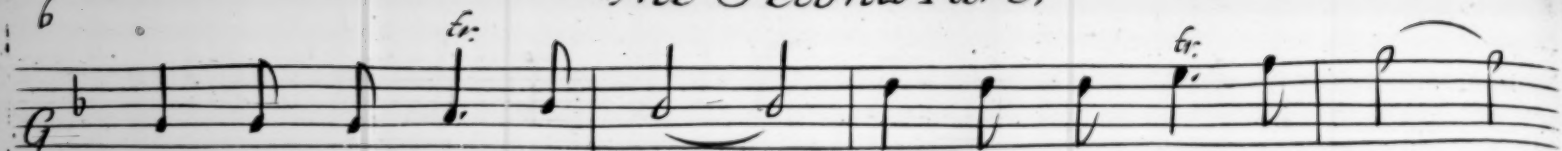
6:

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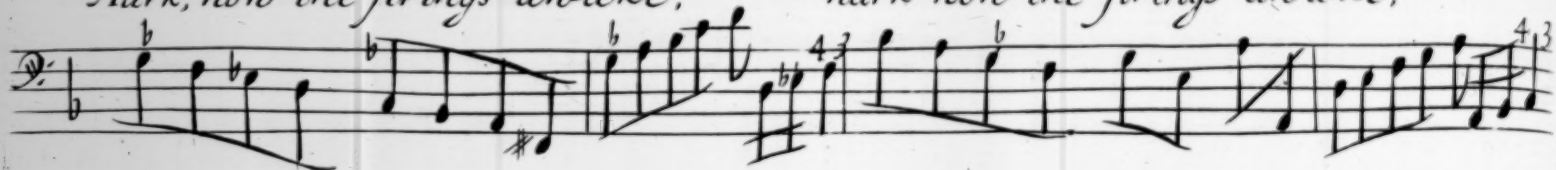
XUM

The Second Part.

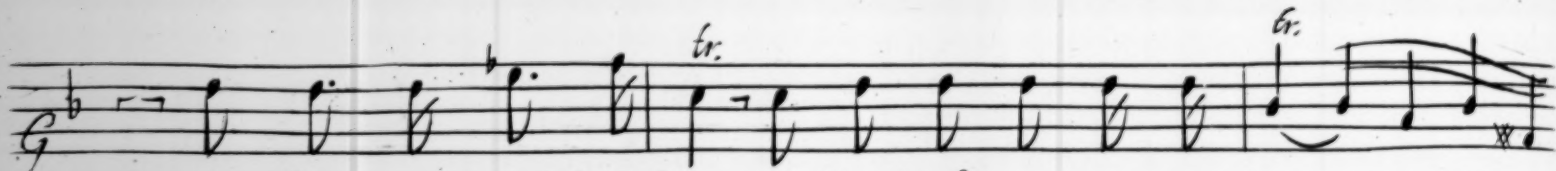
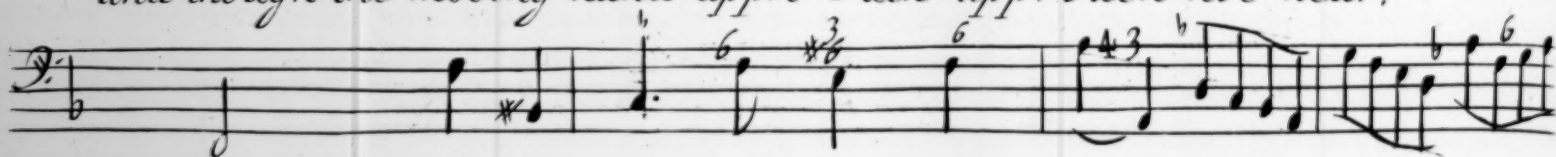
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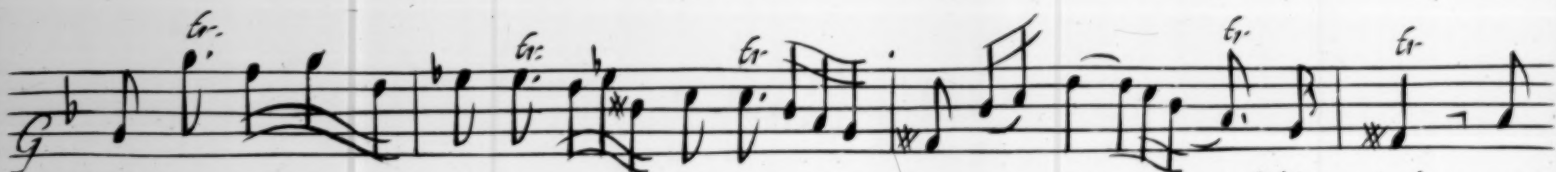
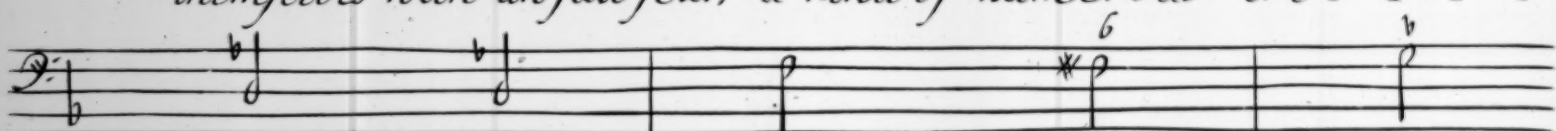
Hark, how the strings awake, hark how the strings awake,



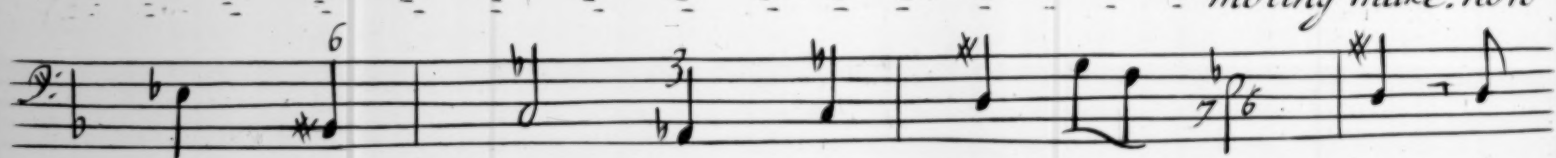
and though the moving hand approach approach not near,



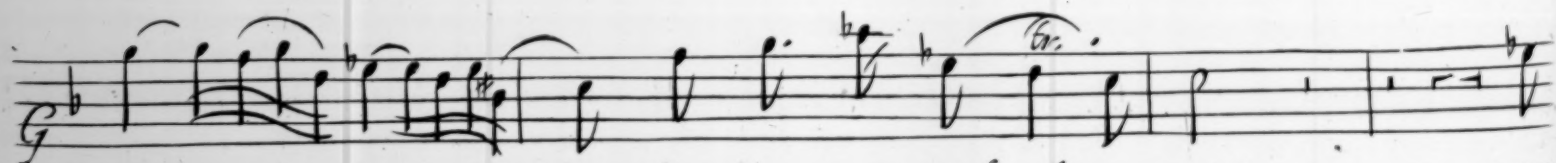
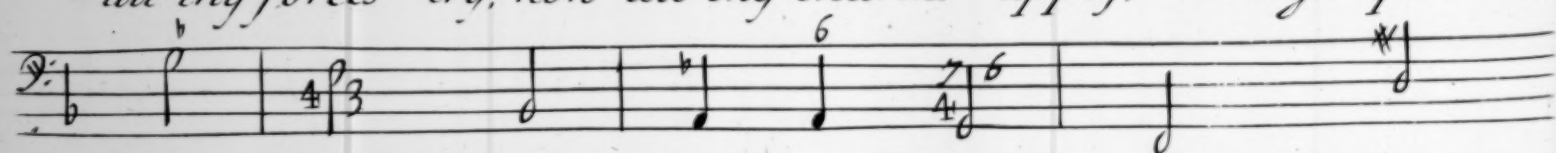
themselves with awfull fear, a kind of num'rous tre-



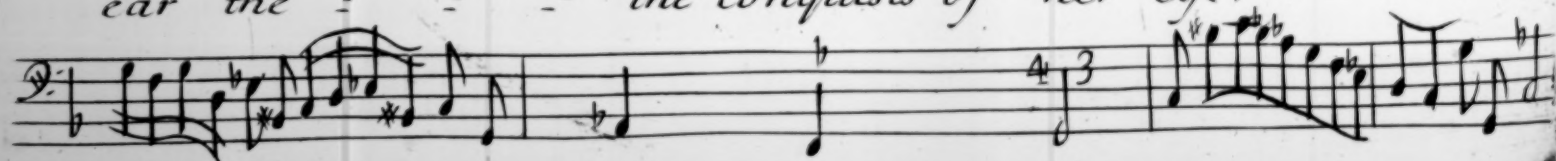
bling make, now



all thy forces try, now all thy charms apply, revenge upon her



ear the the conquests of her eye.



tr.
 -venge upon her ear the : : : the conquests

tr.
 of her eye. *finis.*

The Diet of Cowley.

Now by my love the greatest oath that is, none loves you half so

tr.
 well as I. I do not ask your love for this; but for Heaven's

tr.
 sake believe me, o - - r I die. no servant e're but did des - -

-erve his master should believe that he does serve; and I'll ask no more

wages, and I'll ask no more wages, and I'll ask no more wages, though I starve

Second Part.

'Tis no luxurious Diet this, and sure I shall not but too

lusty prove; yet shall it willingly endure, ift can but keep to = ge = ther

life and love, being your captive, and your slave, I do not feasts and

Banquets look to have, a little bread and water's all I crave, a

Third Part.

little bread and water's all I crave. On a sigh of pity I

a year can live, one tear will keep me twenty at least, fifty a gentle

look will give: an hundred years on one kind word I'll feast: a thousand

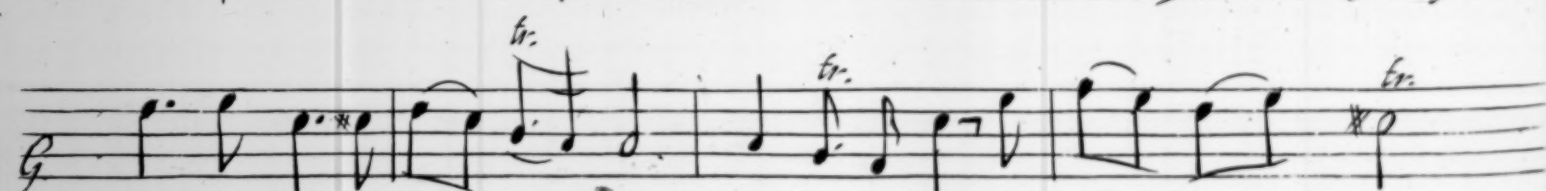
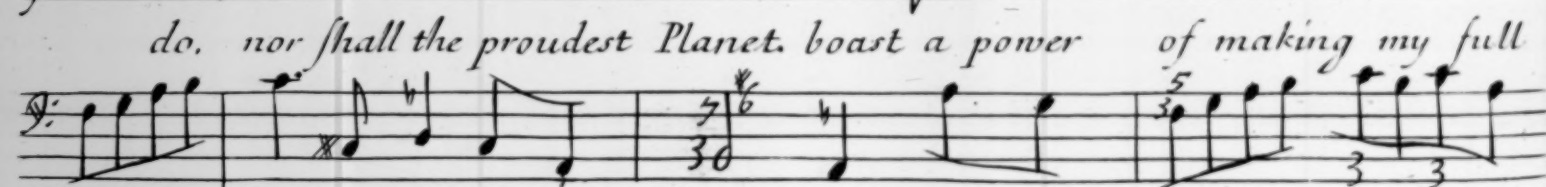
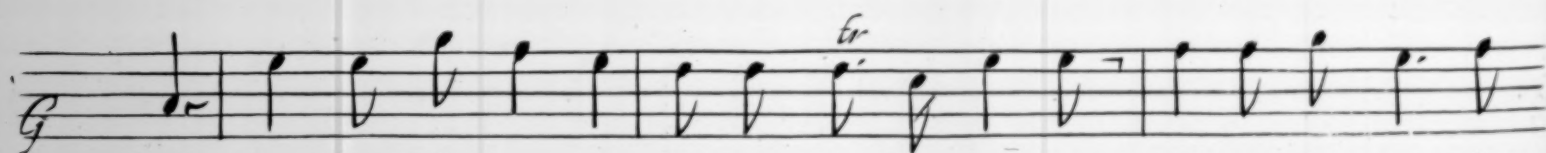
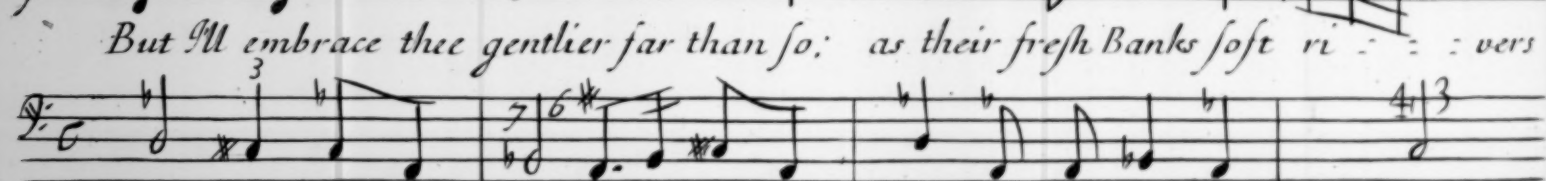
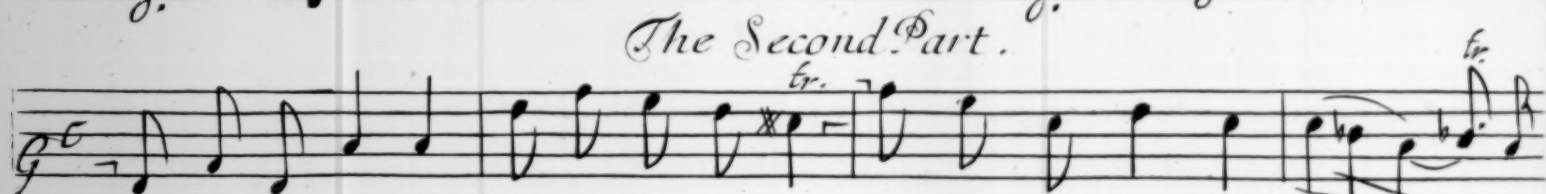
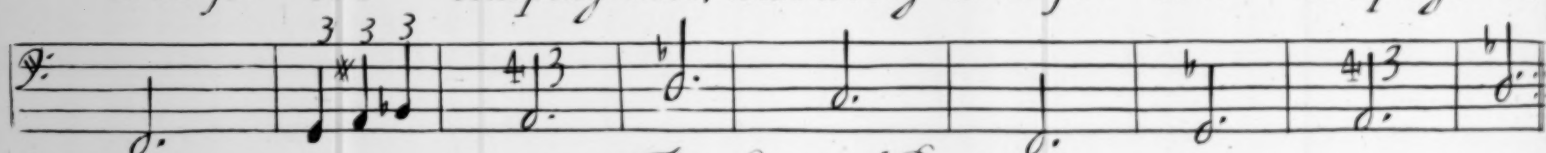
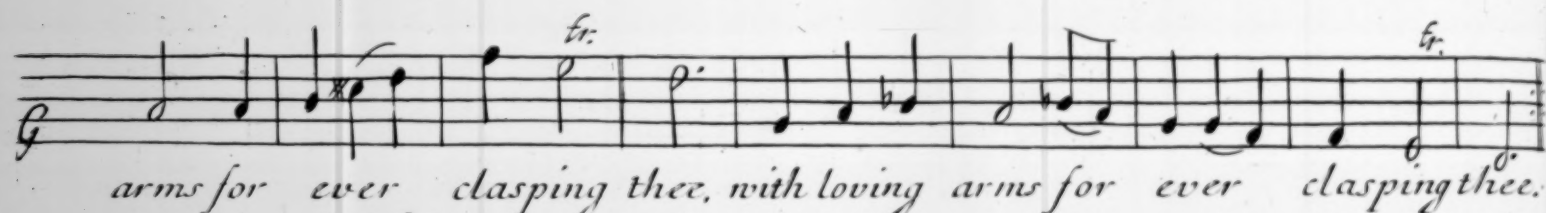
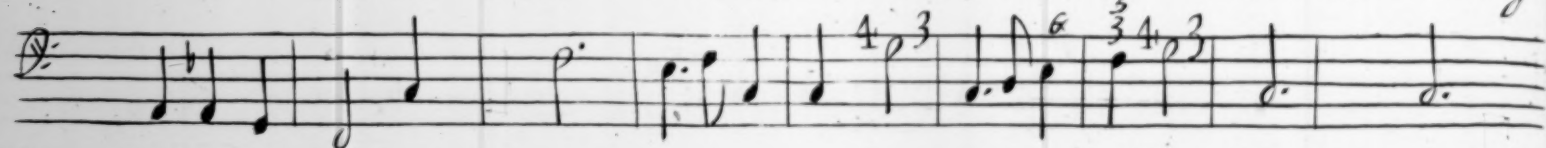
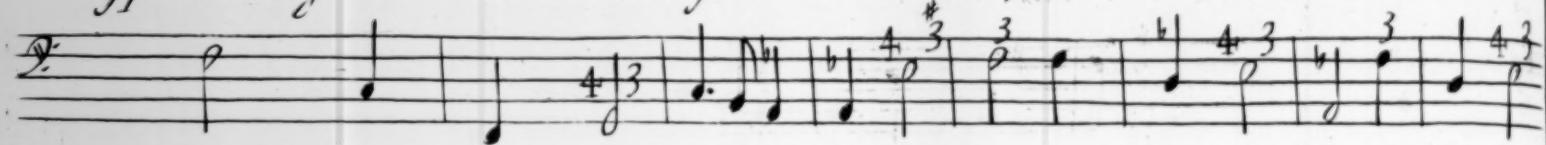
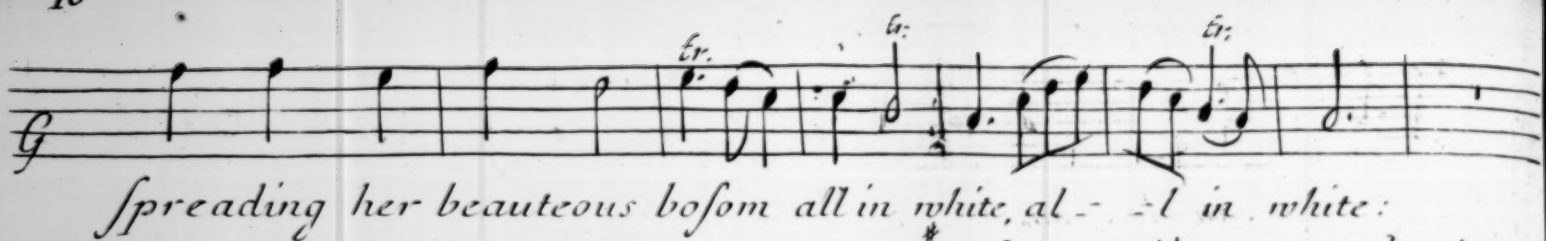
more will added be, if you an incli - nation - have for me; and all be -

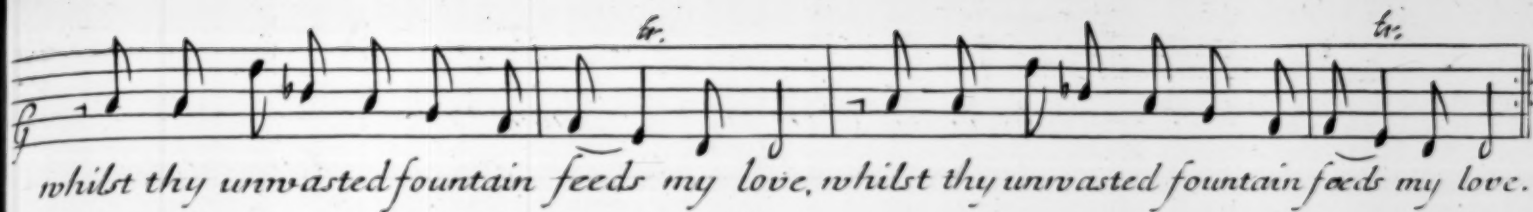
-yond is vast Eternitie is vast Eternitie. *finis.*

Then like some wealthy Island thou shalt ly, and like the se -

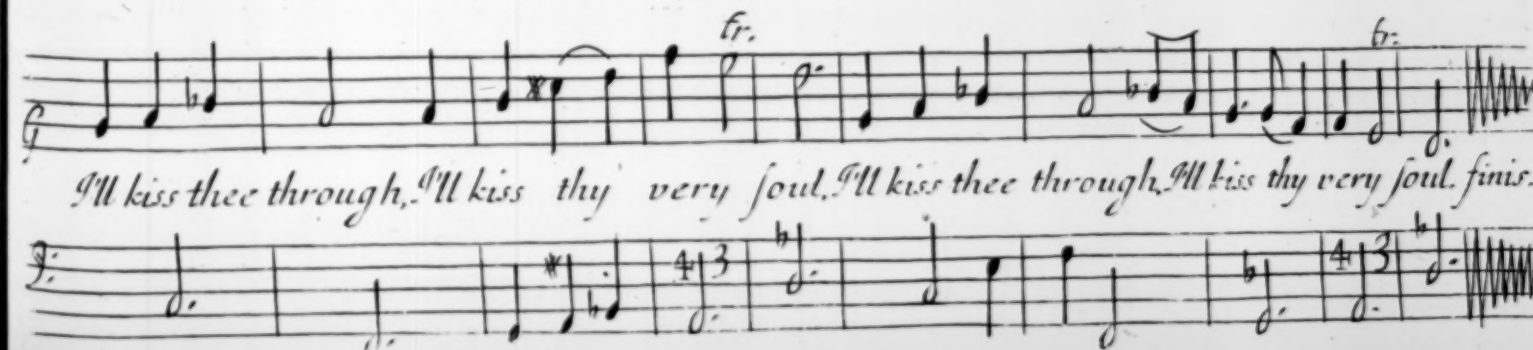
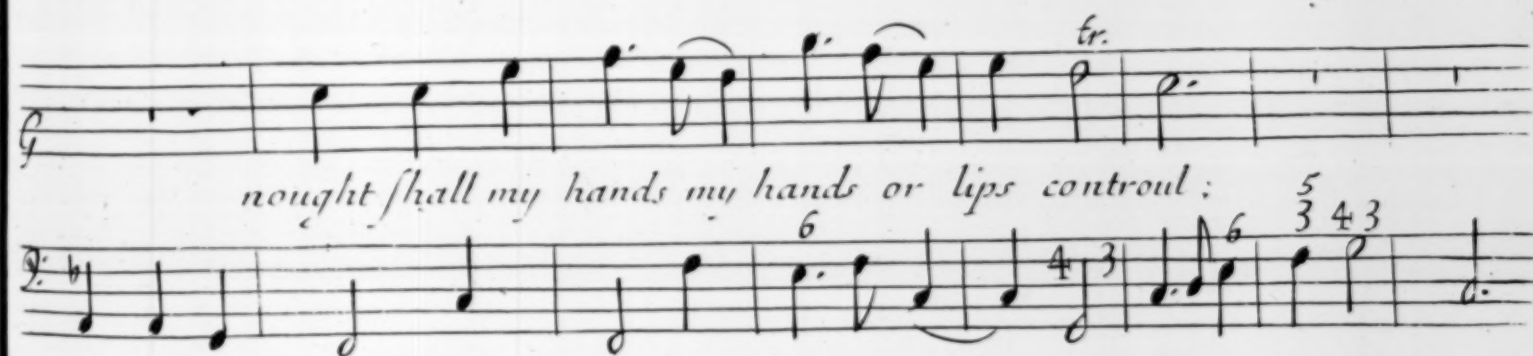
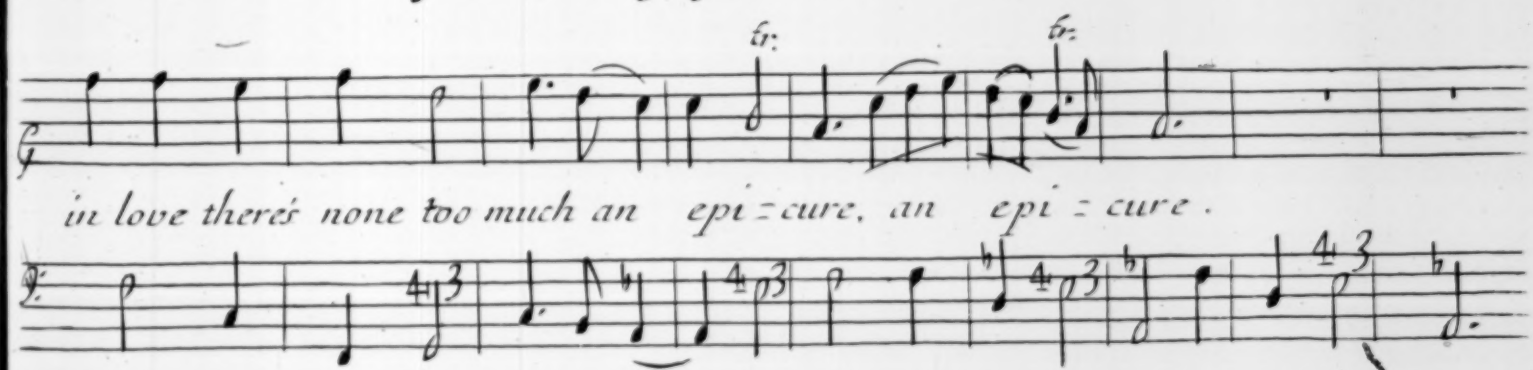
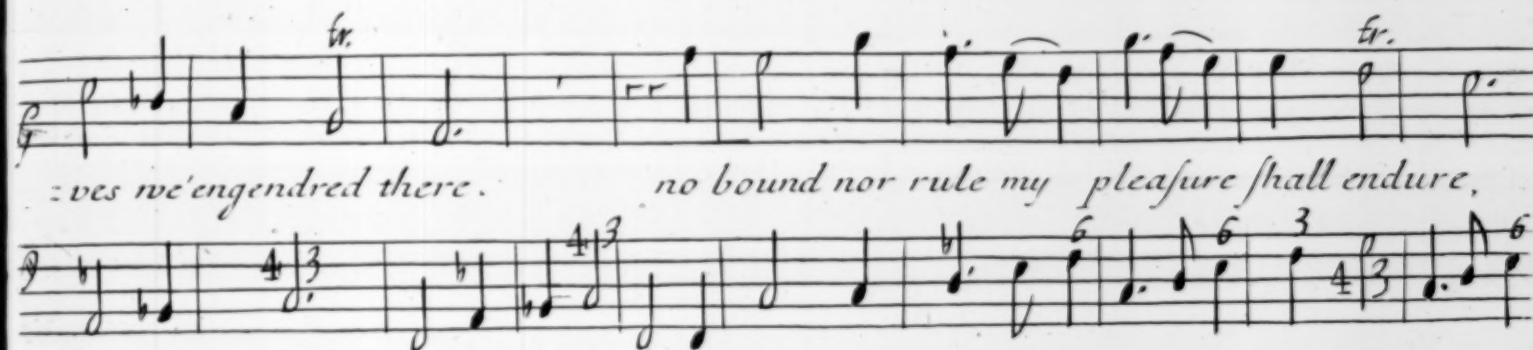
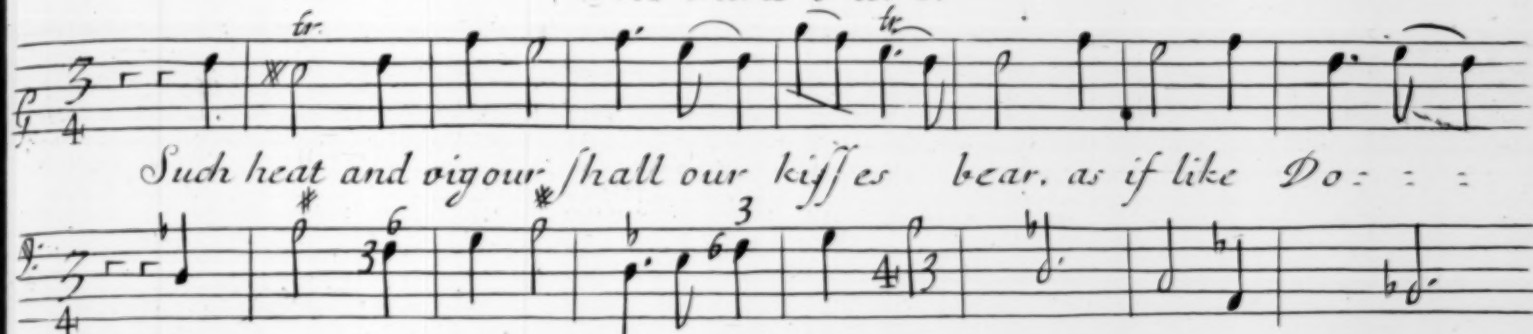
= a a - bout it I;

Then like fair Albion, to the sailers' sight





The third Part.



Song in the Tempest. The words by M. Shadwell.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. The treble clef staff begins with a G-clef and a common time signature 'C'. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by an eighth note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. There are several accidentals (sharps and naturals) throughout the melody. The bass clef staff begins with a C-clef and a common time signature 'C'. The bass line starts with a half note G, followed by a half note F, and then a half note E. There are also accidentals in the bass line.

A rise arise yee subterranean winds, more to distract their

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. The treble clef staff continues the melody from the first system. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. There are some numerical figures (6, 3, 6) written below the bass line, possibly indicating fingerings or ornaments.

guilty minds; and all yee filthy Damps, and vapours rise, which

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. There are numerical figures (6, 3, 4, 3, 6) written below the bass line.

use t'infect the Earth, and trouble all the skyes: Rise you from

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. There are numerical figures (6, 3, 4, 3, 6) written below the bass line.

whome devouring Plagues have Birth, you that i'th' vast and hollow womb o'th'

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. There are numerical figures (6, 3, 4, 3, 6) written below the bass line.

earth, ingender earthquakes, make whole Countries shake, and statly

Handwritten musical notation for the sixth system. The treble clef staff continues the melody. The bass clef staff continues the bass line. There are numerical figures (6, 3, 4, 3, 6) written below the bass line.

Cities in - to Deserts turne; and you, who feed the flames by

which Earth's trailes burn, yee raging winds, whose rapid force can make all but the

fixed and solid centre shake, come drive these wretches to that part of

th' Isle where nature never yet did smile; cause foggs and

storms, whirle-winds and Earth-quakes there, there let 'em howle, and

languish in dispaire; Rise, and obey, Rise, and obey

the pow'rfull Prin - ce of th' aire ~. finis .

All-over Love.

'Tis well, 'tis well with them (say I) whose short-liv'd passions with them:

=selves, can die: for none can be un-happy, who midst all his ills a

time does know (though ne're so

long, though ne're so long, though ne're so long) when he shall not be so.

The Second Part.

What ever parts of me remain, Those parts will still the love of

thee retain, for 'twas not only in my hart, but like a God by

The Discovery.

By Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she; why should she ashamed or angry

be, to be belov'd by me. the Gods may give their Altars o're; they'll smooke but

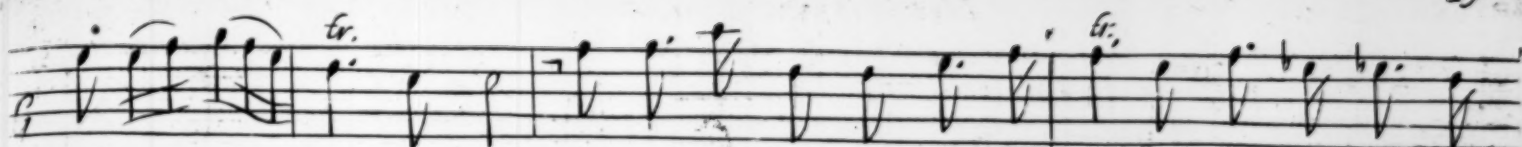
seldo: = me any more, if none but happy men must them adore, if none but

happy men but happy men but happy men must the = = = m adore.

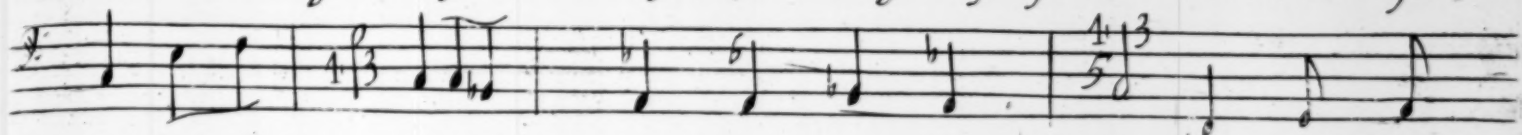
The 2^d Part.

The lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain, to strike some times does not dis:

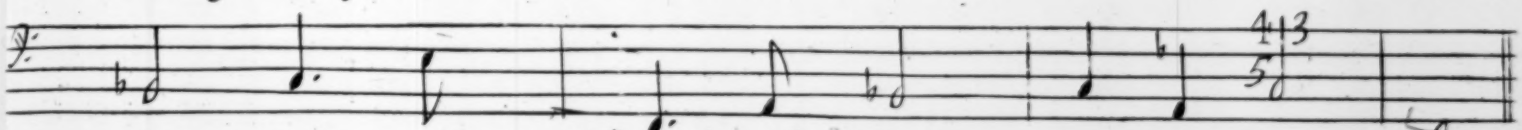
= dain the humble furzes of the Plain. she being so high and I so low, her power by



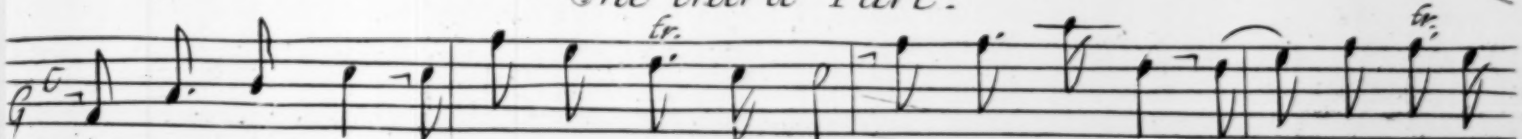
this do = es greater show, who at such distance gives so sure a blow, who at such



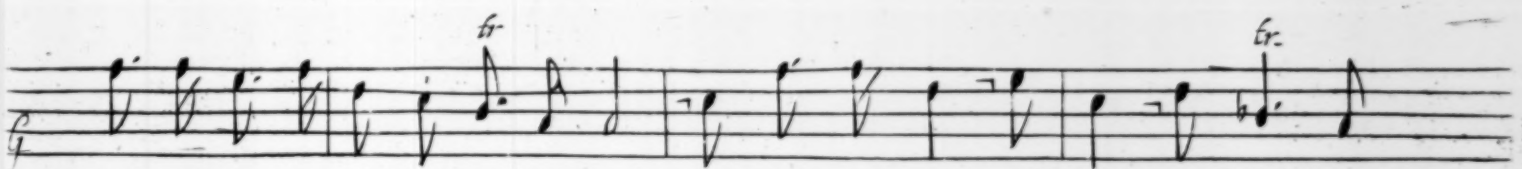
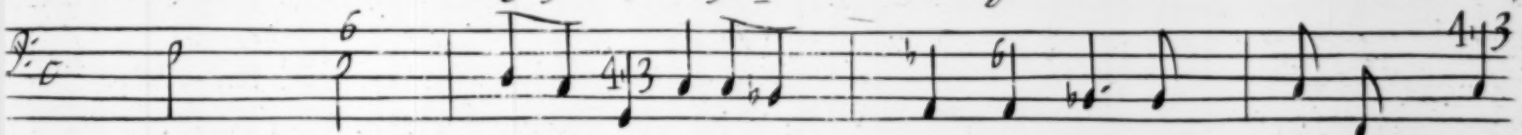
distance gives so su = = = = = re a blow.



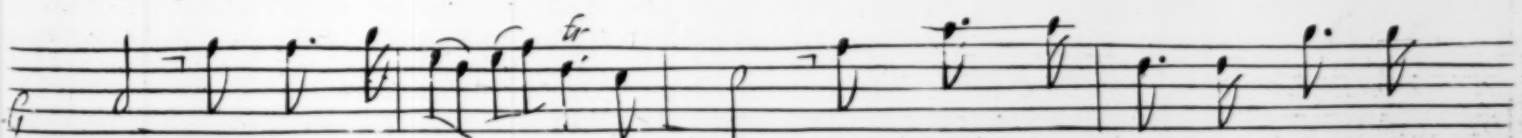
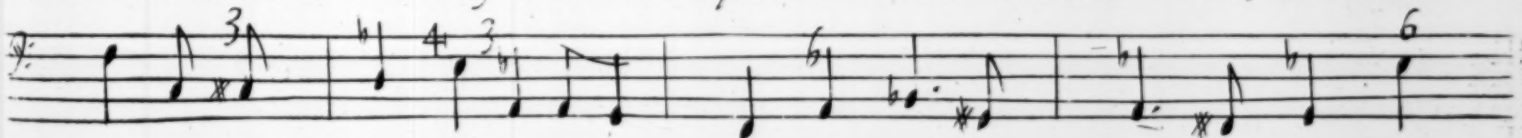
The third Part.



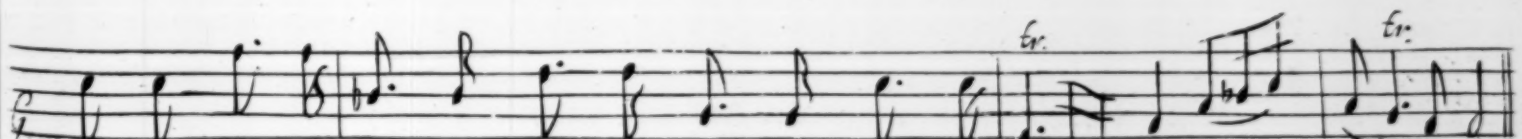
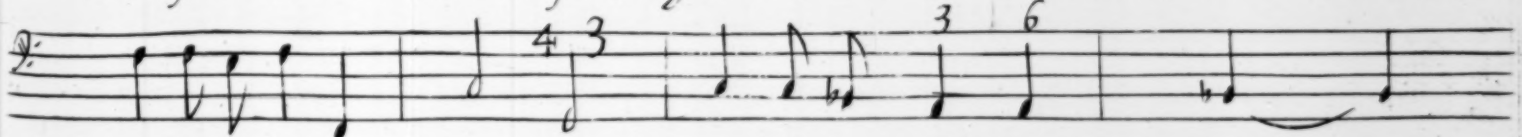
Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove, that nought on Earth can towards her



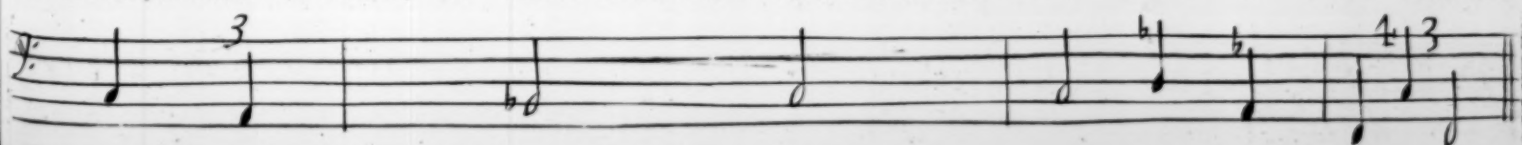
move, till it be exalted by her love. equal to her, alas, alas, there's



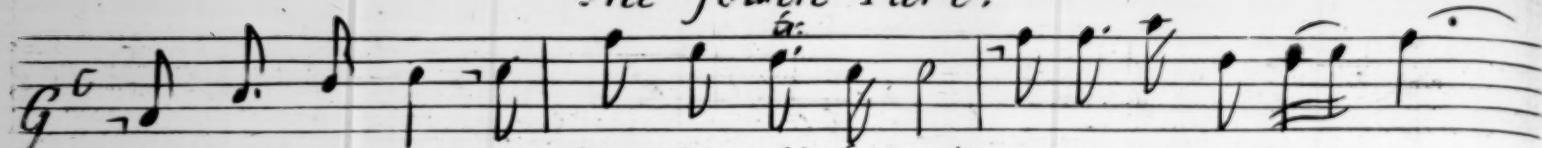
none; she like a Dei = ty is grown, that must create, or else must



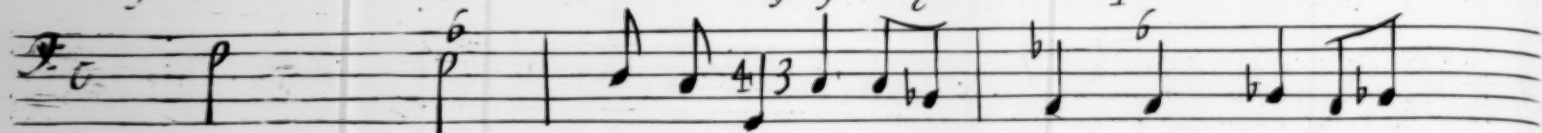
be that must create, or else must be or else must be = = = = alone.



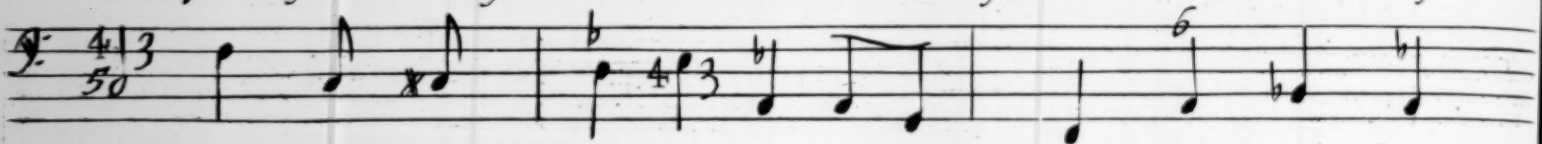
The fourth Part.



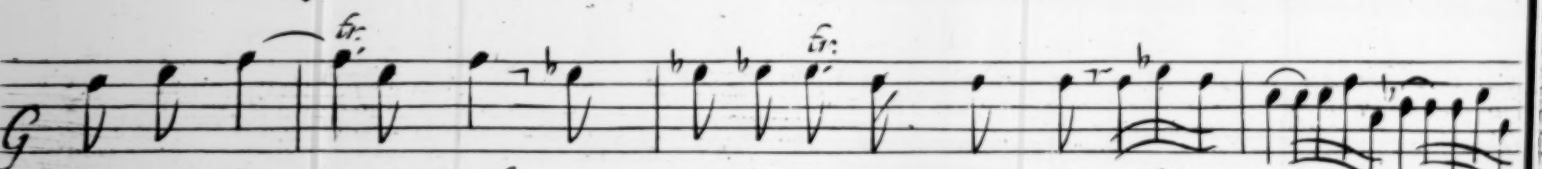
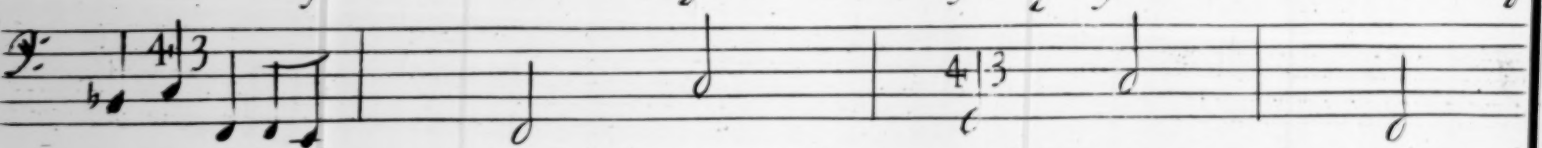
If there be man, who thinks himself so high, as to pretend e : : :



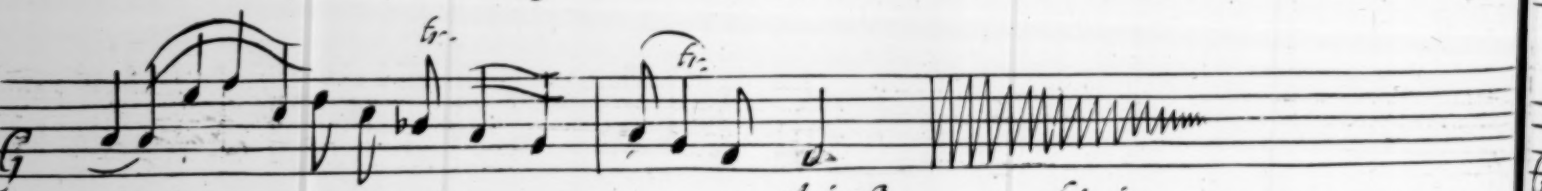
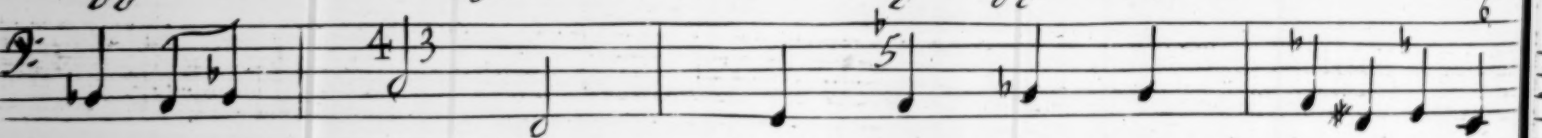
= quality, he deserves her lesse than I, for he would cheat for



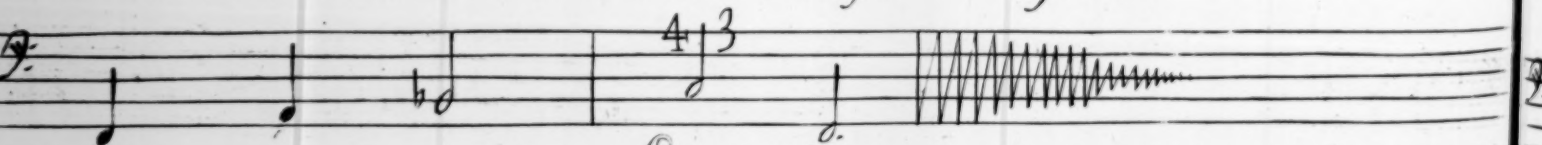
hi = s relief; and one would give, with le = sser grief to'an undeser-ving



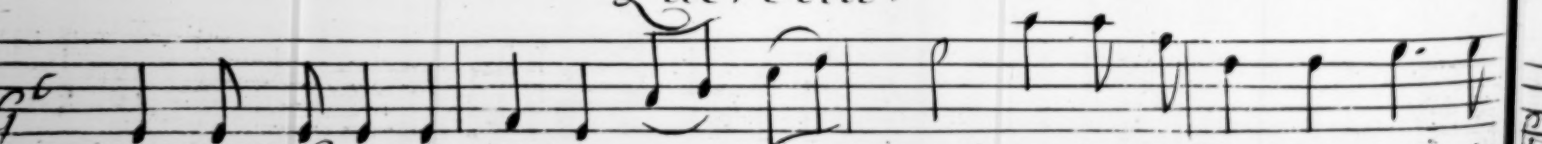
beggar tha = n a thief, to'an undeserving beggar tha : : :



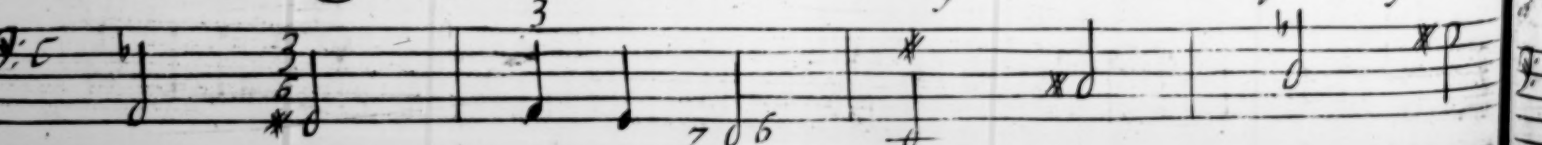
= : : : n a thief. finis.



Lucretia.



When chaste Lucretia, did a wound re : ceive from vitiow Tarquin, wofe thau



that she gave unto her own reproach; is there (sayer she) no cure but blood, no

cure but blood, to pur = ge to pur = ge to pur = ge my infamy?

will rigid Honour, for my forc'd offence, no victim please but punish'd

Inn = = ocence! my Heart shall then intomb my discontent, my Dagger

forme the fa = irest mo = nument, my Dagger forme the fa = = =

= = = = = irest monument. Pale Death disguise my

tr. *tr.*

guiltlesse guilty face, Pale Death disguise my guiltlesse guilty face; for whilst

tr.

live I blush at my disgrace; for whilst I live, for whilst I live, for whilst

tr.

live I blush at my disgrace; for whilst I live, for whilst I live, for whilst I

tr. *tr.*

live I blu = = = = sh a = t my disgrace. *finis.*

Silence

tr.

Curse on this tongue, that has my heart betray'd, and his great secret

op - en laid, for of all persons chiefly she,

should not the ill I suffer know since 'tis a thing might dang'rous

grow, only in her to Pi = ty me; since 'tis for me

to lose my life more fit, than 'tis for her to save, and ransome

it, than 'tis for her, than 'tis for her, to save and ran-some it. finis-

Though when I cry, You not resent it; but seeme to

joy, and glo-ry in my payne: yet when I dye you will re-

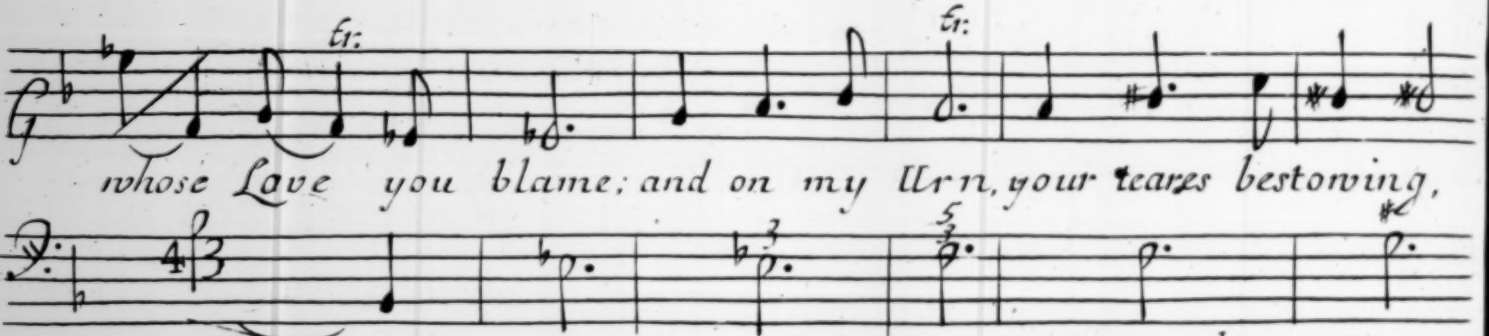


-pent it, and wish (too late) I were a --- live againe.

tr. The Second Part.

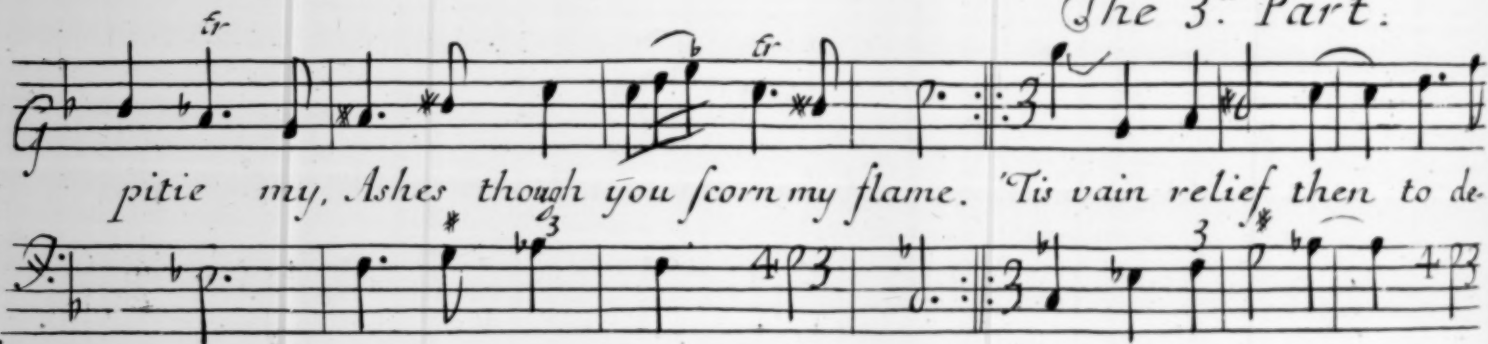


Then will you mourne, with eyes ore-flowing, the early 'Fall of him

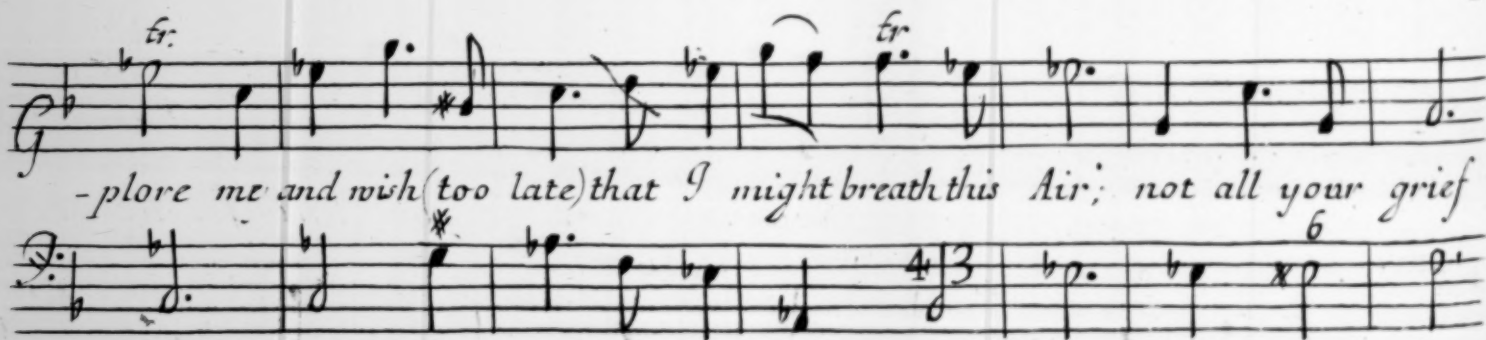


whose Love you blame; and on my Urn, your teares bestowing,

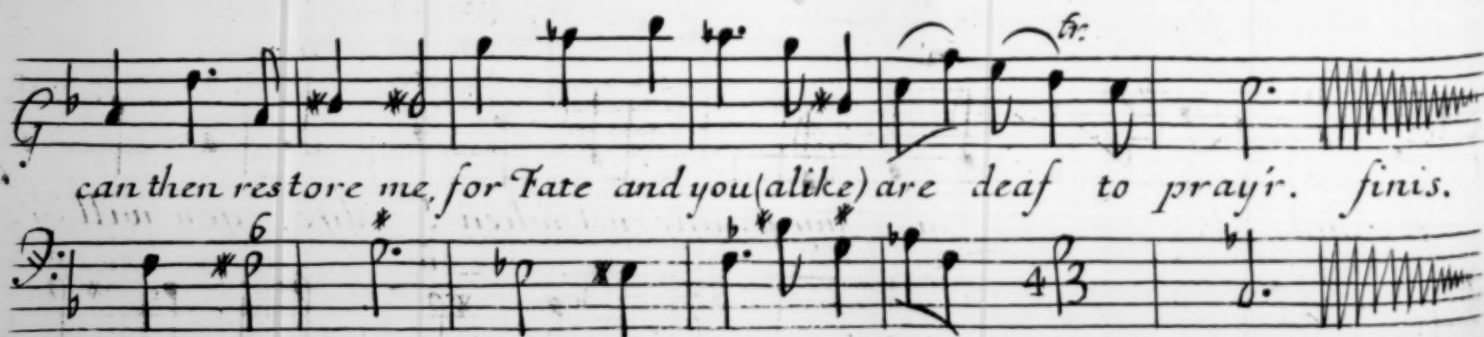
The 3.^d Part.



pitie my, Ashes though you scorn my flame. 'Tis vain relief then to de



-plore me and wish (too late) that I might breath this Air; not all your grief



can then restore me, for Fate and you (alike) are deaf to pray'r. finis.

Can nothing settle my uncertein uncertein Breast, and
 Can nothing settle my uncertein Breast, and

fix my rambling love? can my affections find can my af- =
 fix my rambling love? can my affections find can my affections my af- =

: fectons find out nothing best, but still remove? but still remove? but still re-
 : fectons find out nothing best but still remove but still remove but

: move but still remove remove? has Earth no mercy?
 still remove but still remove? has Earth has Earth no mercy?

will no Ark of rest re- ceive my restless Dove? is there no

will no Ark of rest receive my restless Dove? is there no

6 6 6 4 3

good than which there's nothing higher, to blesse to blesse my full desire,

good than which there's nothing higher, to blesse to blesse my full desire,

6 3 3 4 3

with joyes that never change, with joyes that ne'r expire, with joyes that never

with joyes that never never change, with

5 3 3 3 8

change, with joyes that never change, with joyes that ne'r expire! ~

joyes that never change, with joyes that never change, with joyes that ne'r expire! ~ Finis

6 5 6 4 3 3 8

Song in two Parts, Basse & Treble.

25

How is the Anxious soul of Man be-foold in his de-

How is the Anxious soul of Man befoold in his de-

-fire! that thinks an Hectick fever may be coold an Hectick fever

-fire! that thinks an Hectick fever may be coold may be

may be coold in flames of fire, or hopes to take full heaps of

coold in flames of fire, or hopes to take full heaps of

burnish'd gold from nasty mire. a whining Lover may as well re-

burnish'd gold from nasty mire. a whining Lover may as

tr.

request a scornfull breast to melt in gentle tears, as woo the
 well as well request a scornfull breast to melt in gentle tears,
 world as woo the world as woo the wor-ld for *tr.* rest.
 as woo the world as woo the world as woo the wor-ld for rest.

Di Pietro Reggio.
Song in two parts.

tr.

Quando L'alma più si duole L'amia Donna L'amia
 Quando L'alma più si duo - le L'amia Donna L'amia Donna
 Donna non mi crede no' no' no' non mi cre - de
 non mi cre - de no' no' no' no' non mi cre - de no' no' no'

no' no' no' no' no' no' non mi cre = de là mia Donna là mia
no' no' no' no' no' no' non mi cre = de là mia Donna là mia Donna

Donna no' no' no' no' no' no' no' no' non mi cre = de.
no' no' no' no' no' no' no' no' non mi cre = de.

The Second Part.

La mia vita in mar d'af - fanni là mia vita in mar d'af = fanni
Là mia vita in mar d'af = fanni

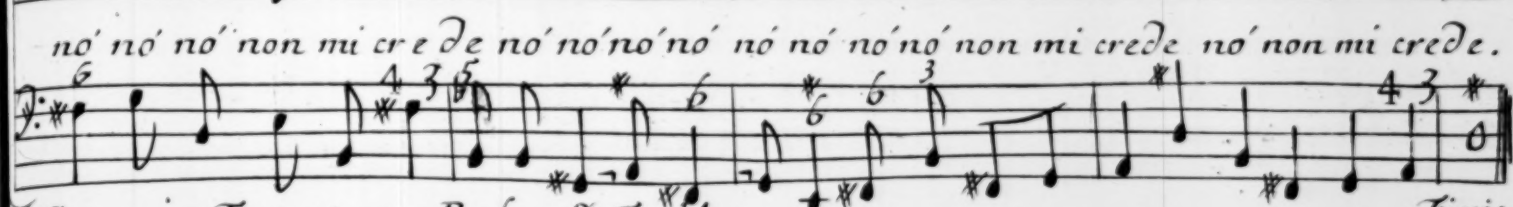
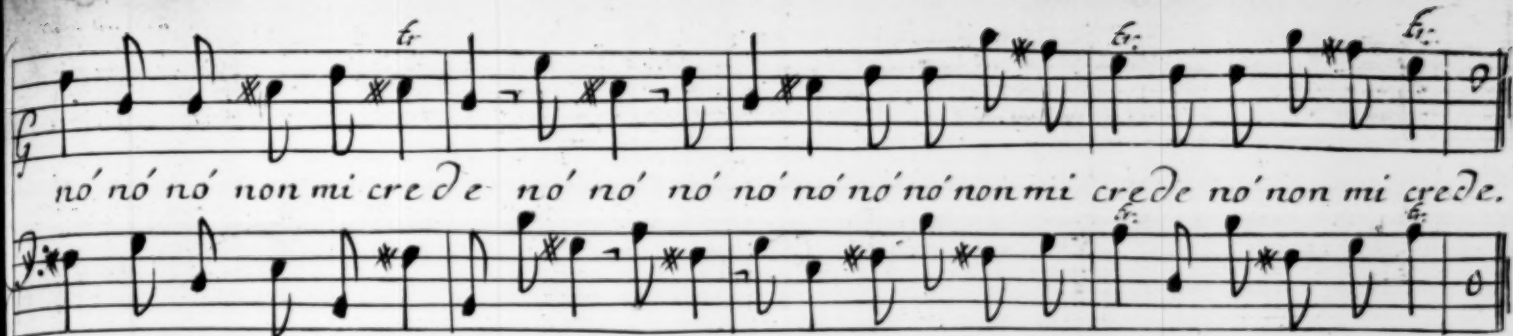
non è Di non è Di che amor non spiri, è frà la cri
non è Di non è Di che amor non spiri, è frà lacri

= meè fospiri passo notti che son' anni, nè ben
= meè sos-piri passo notti passo notti che son' anni,

satio de' miei danni, di quel' rio seguo le scuote,
nè ben satio de' miei danni, di quel' rio di quel' rio seguo le scuote et in

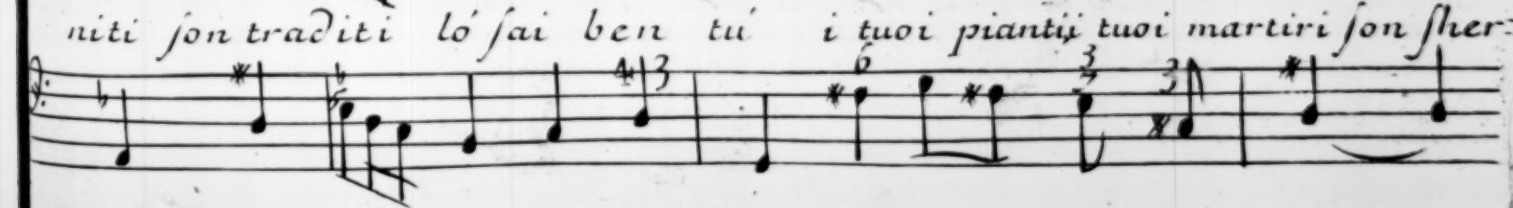
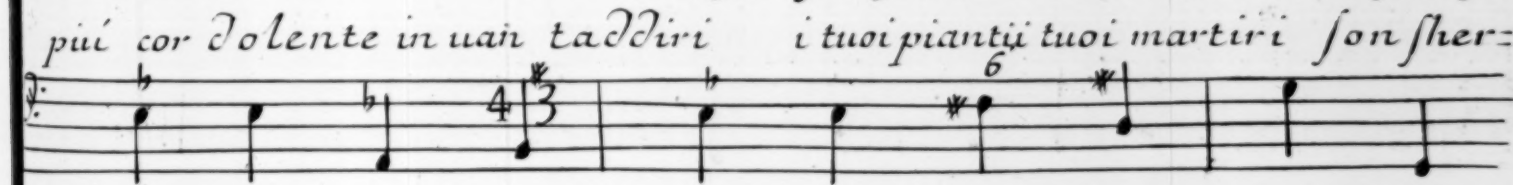
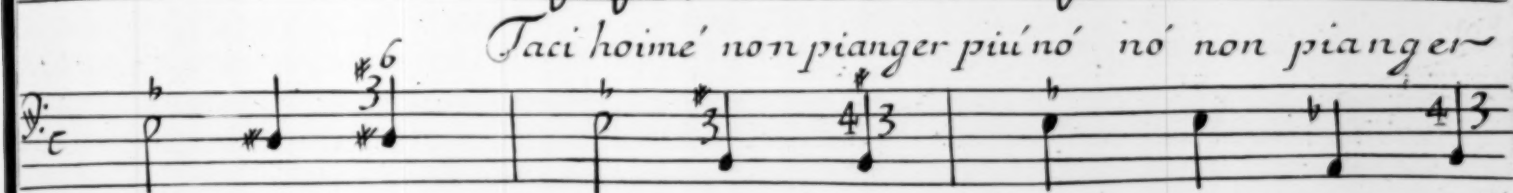
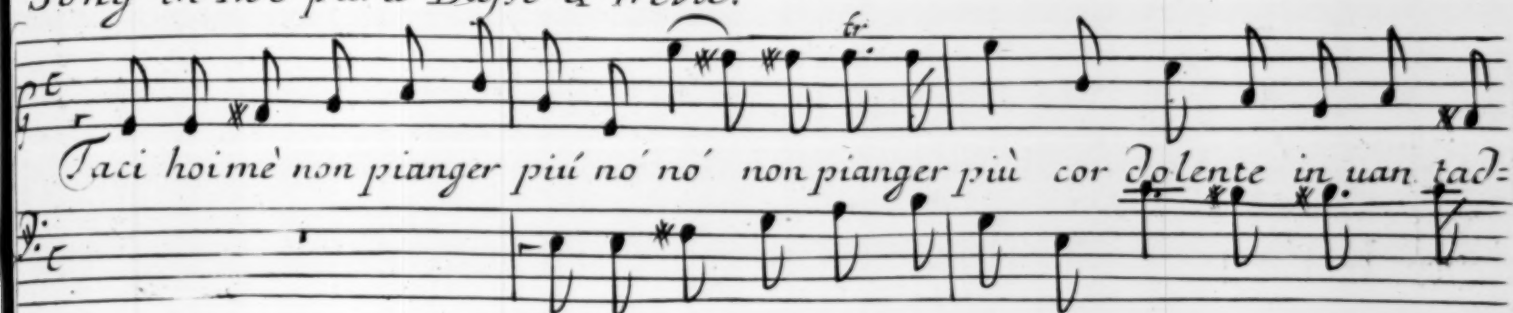
et in uece di mer=ce de La' mia donna non mi cred-e no' no'
uece di mer=ce=de là mia donna là mia donna non mi cre-de no' no' no'

no' no' no' no' no' non mi crede no' no' no' no' no' non mi cre de no' no' no' no' no' no'
no' no' no' no' non mi crede no' no' no' no' non mi cre de no' no' no' no' no' no'



Song in Two parts Basse & Treble.

Finis



tr.
 -niti son tradi=ti ló sai ben tu' taci hoimé non pianger piu' taci hoi
 -niti son tradi=ti ló sai ben tu' taci hoimé non pianger
 = mè non pianger piu' taci hoimé non pianger piu' taci hoimé non pianger
 piu' taci hoi-mé non pianger piu' taci hoimé non pianger piu' hoi :
 piu' hoimé non pianger piu' nó non pianger piu'
 = mé non pianger piu' nó nó non pianger piu'



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